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What YOU Think

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I AM amazed that a paper of your standing should still be using the worn-out cliche about "the Censor's scissors." In your December issue you say "The British Censor must by now have an intriguing private library of clips from almost every Brigitte Bardot film."

Accepted procedure is as follows :—

1. The Renter submits a film to the Censors' office in order to obtain a certificate.

2. The film is returned exactly as received either with a certificate and no further comment, or with what is known as a "red slip" in which various cuts are suggested in order that a certificate in one of the three categories may be obtained. Cutting is done by the renter's technicians, and the new version is then re-submitted.

3. A renter (although this rarely happens) may show a film without a Censor's certificate. The renter may, instead, obtain permission to show by submission to each appropriate local authority.

Kenneth S. Allen
Publicity Manager
Associated British-Pathe Limited,
Film House,
Wardour Street,
London, W.1.

The Censor's scissors remark was a metaphor. We thank the ever-alert Mr. Allen for his "semaphore,"—*Editor.*

THE "GREATEST" CUT

I DON'T know the original length of the film *War Correspondent*, formerly known in America as *The Story of G.I. Joe*, based on articles by the celebrated war correspondent, the late Ernie Pyle. I do know, however, that it was decidedly longer than the 65 minutes to which it has been cut for re-distribution.

I saw it playing second feature to an Alan Ladd film, *Thunder in the East.*

There should be thunder in film-going circles at this mutilation of a film that Paul Rotha has called "the greatest of war films."

The Alan Ladd film, of course, was intact. Invariably, it is works of art that suffer. But then, of course, all filmgoers are supposed to be cretins who should never be given too much of a good film, which might spoil their taste for the hotch-potch.

Ray Seaton
7 *Conaglen Road,*
Leicester.

THIRD-RATE TV

BEING a regular reader of your magazine and a member of the National Film Theatre, over the past few years I have acquired a taste for "good" films. A few months ago we bought a TV set, and I was pleased to note that there a was series on ITV called "Great Movies of our Time." We looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to seeing once again some of the masterpieces of the past.

With one or two exceptions, the series, so far, has consisted of the most third-rate and utter bad films it is possible to imagine. One wouldn't mind the films being old and damaged if they were even fair entertainment ; but they are not. Under its outrageously misleading title we are presented with such tripe as *Meet John Citizen, Yank in Ermine, Candles at Nine* and other really bad British films. These films do nothing to enhance the prestige of British films, having been made very many years ago, before our film-makers got into their stride.

Is it that the television people cannot get hold of really "Great" films of the past, of which there are so very many? Or are they too expensive for them to hire?

D. O'Dwyer (Mrs.)
7 *St. James' Avenue,*
Ealing, W.13.

NATURAL DIGNITY

WHILE agreeing substantially with Peter John Dyer's perceptive review of *Wild Strawberries*, I should like to dispute the comment which he, together with most critics, makes on Victor Sjostrom's performance. It has elicited much commendation for its nobility, which would be fitting if this were Bergman's intention. The purpose of the film is to depict the progressive renaissance of humanity in the aged Professor Borg. Yet Sjostrom's performance remains kindly and compassionate throughout.

A similar misconception is observable in Burl Ives' Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, for all his experience in the role on Broadway. Neither he nor Sjostrom are capable of suppressing their natural dignity, with a result that the roles become too amiable to make sense of their moral reformation. Bergman's deference to Sjostrom's seniority is especially unfortunate, because it is this central weakness which makes *Wild Strawberries* a somewhat lesser film than his masterpiece *The Seventh Seal.*

Alan Stanbrook
23420563 *Pte. Stanbrook,*
QM Store,
Depot, The Royal Sussex Regt.,
Roussillon Barracks,
Chichester,

PRESERVATION

I DO hope that the original film version of John Buchan's spy thriller, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, will not be lost to us because it is now being remade.

So often in such cases, copies of the original are either destroyed or permanently withdrawn from circulation. This 1935 version, besides being vintage Hitchcock and preserving one of the earlier and best performances of the late Robert Donat, is an example of the type of picture that British studios have always done very well.

Although there can be little doubt that the new version will be extremely well made, I really do not see the point of remaking a film when the original—admittedly, a fairly free adaptation of the novel—could, as a piece of espionage comedy-thriller fiction, hardly be improved upon.

Frank Raymond
The Orchard,
Rusper Road,
Ifield, Crawley

More letters on page 34

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Films and Filming

Editor: PETER G. BAKER

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Personalities of the Month

Lee-Thompson : Godwin : Willis

ORDINARY people leading unextraordinary lives have not interested film-makers overmuch in the past. When *Marty*, the Bronx butcher, became the hero of Hecht-Lancaster's 1950 film, the movie hero dramatically changed. Often he took drugs, more often he found life dull and hundrum and, after 90 minutes exposure to a movie camera, usually ended up a better man.

The conscious deglamourisation of the cinema hero and heroine has, on the whole, been a turn for the better . . . at last the life of the cinemagoer has been shared, in part, by his hero on the screen Many producers argue that the new school is destroying the magic of the cinema as a place of entertainment. They have a strong point ; but they cannot deny that since *Marty*, both English and American popular cinema has benefitted from the new realism. The Frank Godwin—Ted Willis—J. Lee-Thompson partnership has furthered the cause of realism in the British Cinema, taking the cue as they have done from the American and the Italian neo-realists before them.

The partnership was formed in 1956. Its aim was quite simply to examine problems in Britain as they exist today. Their first picture together was *Woman in a Dressing Gown*, which dealt with divorce and the effect of it on the three people concerned, the disenchanted husband, the sluttish wife and the young woman who comes between them.

For their second film, the team take a look at life in London's East End. Their discoveries make the subject of *No Trees in the Street*.

Both pictures have been gambles. The British public responded to low-life in America ; but would they go to see the corresponding slice of life at home? The response to *Woman* was fair . . . fair enough for it to pave the way for *No Trees*.

Frank Godwin, the producer of the team, started his career as an accountant. In 1943 he joined the Rank Organisation, holding various executive positions, including being assistant to executive producer Earl St. John. In 1955 he made *Portrait of Alison*, as a freelance project and, the following year, joined Willis and Lee-Thompson at Associated-British.

Ted Willis, the screenwriter of the team, has worked in television as writer of numerous serials and many plays, including the B.B.C. *Dixon of Dock Green*, which was developed from his Ealing police drama, *The Blue Lamp*. His style is documentary in flavour, and yet is capable of producing the sheer entertainment of *It's Great to be Young*, which makes a wild contrast to his excellent but sobering, *The Undefeated*.

J. Lee-Thompson, the director of the partnership, has solid showmanlike directorial ability. It has ranged from the suspense of *Ice Cold in Alex* and *The Yellow Balloon* to the comedy of *An Alligator Named Daisy* and the harsh study of the condemned cell, *Yield to the Night*. At present he is working on *Tiger Bay* for Rank.

Photo : Associated British

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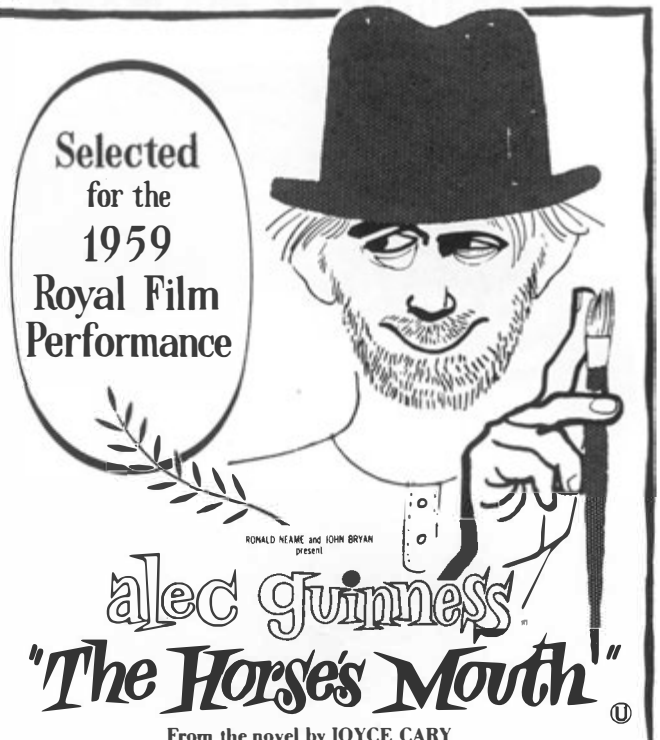

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JOHN and ROY BOULTING have

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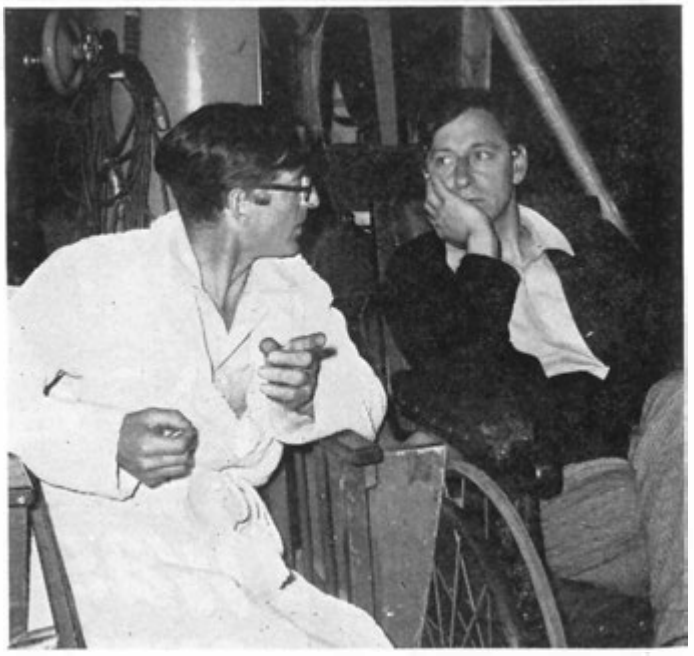
WHAT MAKES THE BRITISH LAUGH?

They are known for thought-provoking films like *Fame is the Spur* and *The Guinea Pig*; for thrillers like *Brighton Rock*; and for comedies like *Private's Progress* and *Lucky Jim*. Now they are thinking of doing a musical . . . but DEREK CONRAD interrupted the Boulting twins' conferences long enough to get this double-talk interview on the far from light-hearted topic of the British sense of humour.



CONFERENCE: John Boulting is the brother in the robe. Roy relaxes in a "prop" wheelchair. On the set they are shooting scenes for Carlton-Browne of the F.O. *Photo: British Lion*

WHAT makes Britain laugh? We don't know. If we did, so enormous is the appetite of the great British public for comedy (if you read the newspaper headlines you understand why!) we'd be backing a certainty. The fact is, there are no certainties in film-making. Don't forget, it wasn't John Foster Dulles who invented Brinkmanship: it was the British film industry. No, we don't know what makes Britain laugh. We only know what makes the Boulting Brothers laugh.

Your first film in the comedy-line was really Private's Progress, *wasn't it?*

No. *Josephine and Men* was the first. It was an attempt at high comedy, which resulted in disaster at the box-office. It was made very economically in colour, and it had four of Britain's top stars—Glynis Johns, Peter Finch, Jack Buchanan and Donald Sinden—a pretty good cast you would have thought for a comedy.

Why did it go down the drain so far as the box-office was concerned?

We wish we knew. It would help. We suspect that some of the casting didn't come off: that some of the comedy was just a little bit too sophisticated, a little bit too remote from the understanding of a mass cinema audience.

Does a comedy have to be broad to have success in this country?

Not in style, certainly not. But if you want the sort of success that, for example, *Private's Progress* had, it is probably true to say that there has to be, within the story, a field of reference with which a mass audience is immediately familiar. Millions of both sexes had been through the Services. The story acted out experiences common both to the characters on the screen and the audience. No comic absurdities could be too far-fetched for the individual who had served as a unit in a nation-at-arms. The audience were with it, because they knew. And they were warmed at the thought of having been through it, and relieved by the thought that they were out of it! This is the only way we can account for the fact that, from the moment of release, letters poured in to us from all over the country, claiming that we must have been thinking of "their particular unit" at the time the script was written.

Do you think that that was your most successful attempt at reaching a common denominator?

There is no question of this if box-office figures are any indication. It was possibly the most phenomonally successful comedy to be made in this country.

Was it successful overseas?

By relative standards—yes. *Private's Progress* had an immense success throughout the Empire; but only a limited success in Europe. This is understandable. In most countries in Europe the Army as an institution is a Sacred Cow. Here, where conscription was fought to the last ditch, the Army (to which, by the way, the nation usually has occasion to be grateful) is regarded as a regrettable necessity. We suspect drilling and saluting and bayonet practice as alien: something good enough for the Germans, but not good enough for us. So, to prevent our being subjected, we laugh at it. This is probably pretty hard for the European citizen to understand. And possibly accounts for its failure to make as great an impact on the Continent as elsewhere.

In America, it was received by the critics with joyous acclamation. But you must remember that unless a British film carries a star name (for example, *Kwai* broke into America on the marquee value of William Holden) it only gets an art house release. That is, a small theatre, of which there are now some hundreds in all the American key cities, which play foreign films to an audience in search of film entertainment of above-average level. On this basis, British films can earn quite a lot of money. But it takes a long time. And only after a film has established itself, as *Private's Progress* did, by running for months and months in a city like New York, will the larger circuits admit it to a general release. And then, usually on terms that are most inadequate.

Our Uncertainty

Had you realised the immense potential box-office money-maker you had in Private's Progress*?*

Good heavens, no. After twenty-one years of independent film-making, the only thing we feel certain about is our own uncertainty. In film-making there are too many intangibles. The fluctuating taste and moods of the public, political and economic crises, the success—or reverse—produced by combining different acting talents in one picture . . . all these things can affect your film at the box-office. All we would be prepared to claim is that with experience you acquire a sort of sense—and, possibly, a very fallible one—of what you can afford to spend on a production.

For example, when, many years ago, we made *Thunder Rock*, we knew on all the evidence available to us, that being fantasy its appeal to the public was likely to prove limited. Therefore, it would have to be made on a very tight budget. It was. And, as a result, it made a handsome profit. But it still shares with *Citizen Kane* the distinction of having been withdrawn from more cinemas before the completion of its engagement than any other film ever shown in this country. The fact that it did make a profit is, perhaps, not so much an endorsement of the Boulting Brothers' artistic judgment, as of their financial genius!

Is your venture into comedy dictated by commercialism?

We have never made films on that basis. By that we mean that we don't make films just for the money, but because we get a helluva kick making the sort of films we want to make! However, we *have* sung our film "songs of social significance" with a dreadful seriousness and, in the process, discovered, with Bernard Shaw, that the force most destructive of injustice and ignorance and pomp, is wit. You may call our comic cycle, then, a movement from adolescence into maturity.

We are well aware that the crew-cut, clammy-hand school of criticism takes the view that the Boulting Brothers have betrayed their former "promise," "promise" being, for them, synonymous with the "solemn" and a total disregard for survival at the box-office. This, of course, is splendid, provided an individual or an institution with surplus profits is prepared to back your fancy, regardless of results. Without such an advantage (which, by the way, we do not possess), one is obliged to respond to the dreadful imperatives of supply and demand.

However, we also console ourselves by pondering the artistic fate of that greatest of all clowns, Charlie Chaplin, who, misled by the earnest interpreters of his work, has gone a long way to abandoning his genius for a mess of half-baked socio-political twaddle. We accept, therefore, with equanamity, the disapproval of those whose professed love for "the masses" invariably leads them to disapprove anything "the masses" endorse. We can't help feeling that even Willie Shakespeare would have had a pretty rough time at the hands of these boys.

Would you be allowed to treat in a dramatic manner any of the subjects you have made in comedy? And do you think you would get the same sort of results?

Again, we don't know anything about results; but we don't know of anything that

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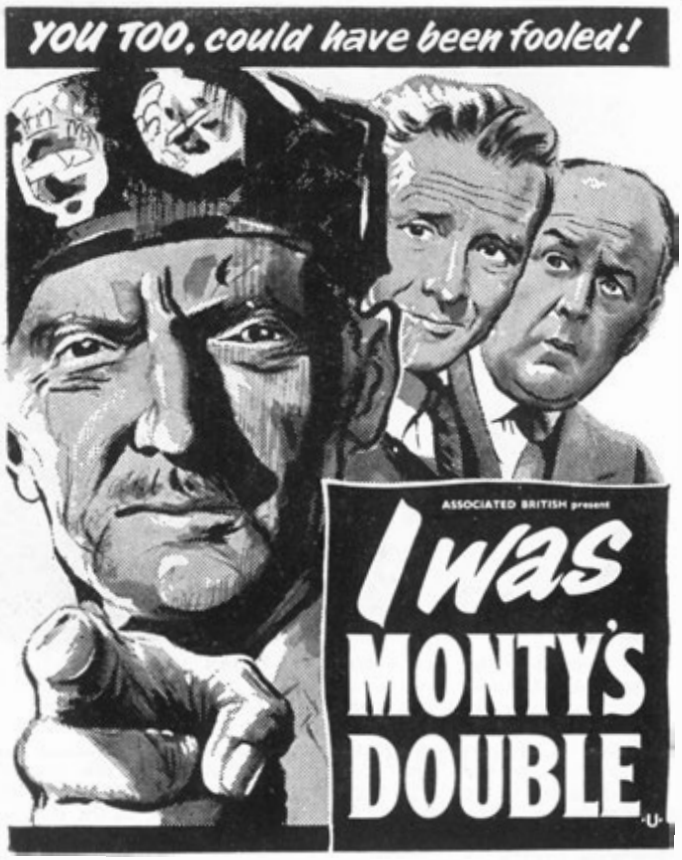

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The Man Behind an Angry-Young-Man

by director Tony Richardson

IT is a fallacy to believe that in the theatre a director has continuous action, whereas in the cinema the action is broken up. "Did you find it difficult to adapt yourself to this fragmentary action technique?", I was asked when I began the film version of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*.

Not at all. Action is only superficially continuous in the theatre anyway, speaking from a purely working point of view. With any act, there will be many scenes, and in each scene different beats. All of these have got to be made articulate and separate and given their own colour. It is exactly the same in doing a film. The fact that, practically, you may have to split individual scenes into little segments, with gaps of hours between each one, is of no importance so long as your conception is strong enough. Over *Look Back*, three of the people involved had already played the play, and all the cast rehearsed it for a week before we started shooting, so we all knew pretty well what we were doing.

Time Factor

As we are not treating the film as a straightforward version of the play, one of our great challenges has been to achieve the same cumulative effect over a period of time that was built up within the continuity of each act in the theatre. We are hoping in fact that playing, for instance, some of Jimmy's attacks over a period of days, they will perhaps be even more cumulative in their effect than they were before.

A lot of our scenes, I am pleased to say, have been shot away from the studios. I would prefer to go out on location shooting (I have probably been influenced by the Italian neo-realists), mainly because many more surprises can happen than when you are working in the studio. I have found this with *Look Back in Anger*. Of course, it is much easier to work in the studio, and also you can't play long dramatic scenes, where personal relationships are very important, on location, because you can't get the control you need. But, on the other hand, miracles happen on location which you could never ever conceive of or imagine when you are writing the script. Life is always more daring and extravagant than art.

Location Luck

For instance, suddenly some old man turns up, or some young boy whom you never imagined. On *Look Back* we were doing a shot with some Salvation Army people. Two of the girls—there were three of them in the shot—turned up in rimless glasses. Now, if the costume designer had dressed them like that, somehow it would have seemed a caricature and yet, in fact, it was wonderfully authentic and poignant. Just as we were about to shoot, a little boy walked up and stood gazing at them. He was dressed in a soldier's coat and an American tin helmet, and held a long red, white and blue rifle . . . that is something you would never conceive of putting in in the studio; and if you did, it would probably be rather arty and unreal. This is one very simple example where the locations themselves can give a whole new colour and atmosphere to a scene.

I haven't noticed my mood changing between scenes, partly, because on the whole, I have been able to shoot sequences within a day. Only one sequence so far has taken several days, and that in itself has a lot of changes of mood, so it wasn't really difficult. And again I have an immense advantage in knowing the subject very well. I knew exactly the sort of mood each sequence was meant to create. I was not uncertain about the actual value of the material, which, I am sure I would have been, had I been starting absolutely from scratch.

Of course, once you are working on a scene, especially if it does take a time, one's ideas of developing any new ways of doing it spring out of the location or the set, or the actors themselves. But then it comes back really to the question of how strong your initial conception is, and because of my association with the play, it presented no problem.

I should certainly like British films to be different from what many of them have been in the past. I don't know if *Look Back in Anger* will have this effect, because Heaven knows whether it is going to be any good—but that's what I'd like it to have. It is absolutely vital to get into British films the same sort of impact and sense of life that, what you can loosely call the Angry Young Man cult, has had in the theatre and literary worlds. It is a desperate need.

There is a general conception that entertainment is escape, a sweet sentimental dream remote from any sense of reality. There is a definite resistance in both the cinema and the theatre to the "sordid." It's the easiest dirty label that conservative opinion has always used.

Off-beat Popular

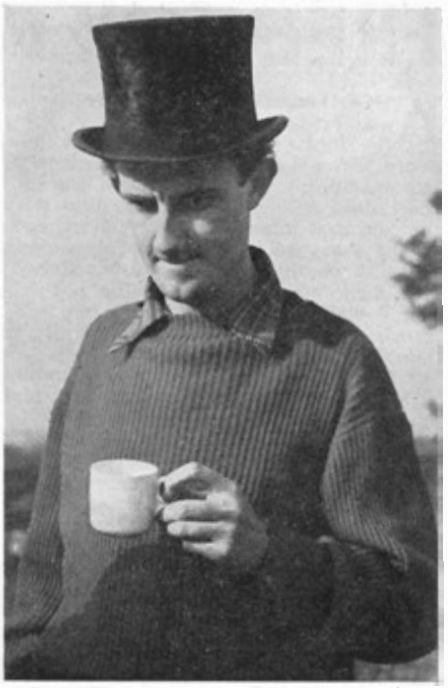
Nevertheless, what the public wants is constantly changing, and at certain lucky moments, what is offbeat becomes popular. *The Defiant Ones* or *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, are obviously, at the moment, just as entertaining to the mass public as *Indiscreet* or *Gigi*.

What has always drawn people to the cinema is to see something outside their own experience. The demand for glamour and the unobtainable is, in fact, the same as going to see the seamy side of life, if it is violent and extraordinary enough. Possibly, as the general standard of material comfort and security rises, there will be a tendency to go more and more to extremes.

A director, I believe, has only one responsibility always. That is to say what he wants to say as clearly, fully and passionately as he is able to. This is the task of every artist, and he can only hope that if he is himself articulate enough that he will speak to other people. The more the better. But he must never try to think of his material in audience terms, or he is likely to fall between every stool.

The two directors I most admire are Vittorio De Sica and Luis Bunuel. Primarily I admire them because they are both poets. Each in his own way has been able to make the highest of all achievements, a completely personal statement in his own films, an original view of life. Of course, they are not alone. There have been many others I could have mentioned equally, but they are the rare ones.

Mr. Richardson's contribution has been adapted from a Grundig tape-recorded interview made by FILMS AND FILMING during the filming of *Look Back in Anger*.



CONTEMPLATION: Tony Richardson, mug of tea in hand, oblivious to the hat conveniently shading his head from the location sunshine, contemplates a scene for his first film . . . an adaptation of John Osborne's play, Look Back in Anger. *Richardson, a young hope of British cinema, crashed the drama barrier with his virile creations at London's Royal Court Theatre, notably of Osborne's play. Previous to that he had directed plays for the O.U.D.S. and BBC-TV.*
Photo: Associated British Picture Corpn.

In their own personalities, Bunuel and De Sica are different. Bunuel's world is ruthless, logical, violent, explosively anarchist. De Sica's complex and passionate.

When I realised that I was going to make *Look Back in Anger* as a film, I did not bone up on film text books. I didn't read anything. I knew the way films worked, partly as a spectator, but also through doing television. Basically, the two media are absolutely the same. Something that works on television works on a film. Of course there are differences . . . the size is different and the audience is different, therefore the emphasis is different: but the image on the screen is the basic thing in each. I knew what I wanted the action to look like on the screen, and I had enough hang of the ABC.

The rest really has been very easy, largely due to the fact that I have a wonderful cameraman (Ossie Morris) and operator (Dennis Coop) working with me. The things that would take me a long time to do; for instance, the business of working out left to right and all that, they do instantly, so I can leave that sort of purely technical calculation to them completely. They are, both of them, extremely imaginative. With their help and stimulation, and whatever instinct I may have of how the drama flows, and over the set-ups I want, technicalities never seem to have got in the way.

I go into a film because I like the subject and because I think it can be an interesting and powerful film. I hope also that it is going to do business, naturally, because I want as many people to see it and like it as possible. I do not consciously say "I want to make a film that is financially successful," or consciously say "I want to make an art film." Everything is as potentially creative as anything else, whether it's serving a meal or dressing a window, so, if you make a film it's either a good or a bad film. Of course, *you're* not able to say that, other people have got to say that for you!

* * *

The theatre and the cinema work within

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FREE CINEMA—*IN CHAINS*

By MATT McCARTHY

Free Cinema—the programmes of semi-amateur, semi-professional films sponsored by the National Film Theatre—has been hailed as the most important new direction in British Cinema of the past quarter century. But is it ? Matt McCarthy, former technical officer of the British Film Institute, himself an experienced film-maker, has other ideas. Ideas that challenge the champions of " freedom."

A GOOD name is a most decided advantage; and Free Cinema is a name as fine as the ideas that led to its conception. When the movement received its name, the baptismal promises must have been heard with general thanksgiving by all those to whom the cinema is more than mere entertainment.

Now, many would like to hear these promises repeated, knowing that the greatest threat to any intellectual movement is the possibility that it will move so far and so fast that it loses sight of its conceptional principals and objectives.

Such a statement would emphasise, or make plain, how far Free Cinema has fulfilled its aims. Has it injected a new vitality into British film-making ? Has it succeeded in sloughing the conventions of the entertainment cinema ? Has it justified the cinema's claim to be an art ? As yet, no ripple has stirred the stagnant waters of the professional, commercial or amateur cinema of this country.

Subjecting the films, which have been produced under the aegis of the movement to the analytical criticism, which their makers dismiss as invalid, one is left with the impression that it is their publicists rather than their makers who display a new vitality ; that they do not constitute any advance in the *art* of film-making ; and that they are governed by as narrow a set of conventions as those that have been discarded.

From the first show, however, it became apparent that these aims were theoretical only. It has not been difficult to see, and certainly the present exponents of Free Cinema have been at no pains to disguise the fact that the movement is primarily concerned with achieving an aim beyond the scope of an artistic movement. This aim was, and is, the re-awakening of, or rather the attempt to re-awaken the enthusiasm of the intellectual Left ; the proclaiming of the lost " Cause."

It would be ingenuous to suggest that the film-makers concerned were no less anxious to make their mark as artists than as pamphleteers. Though it is difficult to imagine how they reconcile the essential parochiality of a statement on contemporary problems with the essential universality of a work of art.

It is difficult to understand why they should wish to be looked upon as artists, since, if one is to believe their publicists, the development of the craftsmanship and technique of film-making is not an aim. The artist is not to be the master of his medium ; competence in the use of his tools is to be sneered at, rather than aspired to.

American Pattern

This point, however, being conceded ; can these films be considered an achievement in the makers' politico-humanist interpretation of that word ? Surely not. The source of the films, and the inspiration of their makers are undeniably the sociological films from America and Italy : *Rebel Without a Cause*, *On the Waterfront*, *La Terra Trema* and *Amore in Citta.* There has been a conscious attempt to find similar aspects of British life ; problems which will transform themselves when filmed, into statements of similar force.

Unfortunately for the ardent socialist humanist, and in spite of his frequent denials of the fact, there exists in Britain no problematical realities, which the left-wing film-maker, be he never so willing, can translate into dynamic, sociological cinema. Britain, unlike the United States and Italy, has no strong fascist element in its society, and no problems such as arise where this section's interest conflict with that of the Left.

Consequently, when observed with the politically uncommitted eye, the films—*Momma Don't Allow*, *Nice Time*, *O Dreamland* and *Every Day Except Christmas*—have the artistic impact and appear to possess the universal appeal of, at the best, a report issued by a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry. Whilst the film *Together* appears dishonest in that it purports to be a faithful document of an aspect of the contemporary scene ; and is, in fact, a blatantly artificial fantasy, since the " facts " reported, and from which the lesson is to be drawn, exist only in the minds of the commentator.

It is not possible to see how these films could awaken any humanist enthusiasm, even in the lunatic fringe of the British intellectual Left. Do they really constitute a cause for a passionate outcry against capitalism ? Socialist humanist enthusiasm, as the Webbs, as Bernard Shaw and as Earl Attlee felt it, belongs to the years before the last war.

The deserving poor are no longer with us ; and the antics of their undeserving and comfortably-well-off-thank-you descendants, are of interest only to a small duffle-coated minority.

Middle-class Socialist

One cannot help but feel sad for the conscience-stricken, affluent, middle-class socialist, lost in a changing world, with no miserable wretches to fight for, with all the strength that tongue and pen can muster. But that, alas, is life ; and no matter how devoted one is to one's fellow men, one cannot believe that a film is of outstanding significance because it contains more " close-ups " of Cockney faces per square foot, than it does sprocket holes.

It is worth noting that the slogans proclaimed by the movement, echo the statements appearing in Left-wing periodicals to the effect that we are back, in so far as the intellectual environment is concerned, in the 'thirties.

Here again is the realist fervour that drove Shakespeare off the pre-war London stage. The aspiring artist is urged to " look at contemporary Britain " ; as if there alone was the raw material of artistic creation.

But on analysis it becomes clear that the films the movement has inspired are not even realist, except in the sense that they owe nothing to art. They are fripperies ; displays of shadow-boxing. The stuff of art is indeed to be found in the streets and countryside of Britain ; but it is fatuous to suggest that film snapshots of the passing scene, unimaginatively recorded and edited, are works of art.

Those with no real knowledge of our society can be excused for imagining that these films proclaim the state of it, but is anyone really convinced by the obviously engineered sequences, and the psuedo realistic plots, that posturing Cockneys are the salt of the earth ? That deaf-mute baiting is common in our society ? And that this same society obliges the moron to spend his weekends trapsing about the tawdry pleasures of the amusement park ?

The saddening eagerness with which the lowest strata of society struggles to assume the worthless trappings of the *bourgoisie* is not a capitalist trick, and even Lindsay Anderson cannot prove the contrary. If the " worker " prefers the plaster cast dog to the Doulton figurine, it does not prove a healthy disgust for the products of an effete capitalist organisation.

It merely shows that his taste has not even progressed as far as recognising the greater merit of the figurine. Sir Kenneth Clark, on hopes, has scotched the contention that the " workers " sit through interminable televised variety programmes, because a money-grabbing group of capitalists deny them the opportunity of devouring the intellectual fodder they yearn for !

It is an all pervading disgust which drives the majority of intellectuals away from " the realities of working-class life." The attempts at raising the dead weight into the sunshine of intellectual awareness, have, let's face it, failed ; and only the most persistent post-war " Labourite " can keep up the endeavour. What is achieved by pretending that the common man is the old humanist beloved, the Noble Savage ?

The obvious delight with which the matey souls from the slums of our big cities have kicked hell out of the glass brick balconies, the heliotrope ceramic tiles and the mahogany veneered doors of their particular stake in the post-war socialist paradise of the new housing estates, has given the lie to the fond hopes most of us entertained in the years immediately following the last war.

If realism is essential to good cinema, a most debatable point since realism would appear to be the antithesis of cinema, then let the films which are made in order to justify this contention be concerned with the real problems in our society—the mass reveration of the insignificant ; the working-class attitude to the coloured immigrants ; and the failure of imposed egalitarianism to ensure a fairer society. All three subjects would appear to provide infinite scope to the liberal humanist ; though not, of course, to the socialist.

But realism for its own sake is anathema to art, especially in the cinema. This is not to say that the artist should not be committed ; rather that he cannot help but be committed. No man who thinks can dissociate himself from the world about him, and any work of art must bear to a greater, or lesser, degree the stamp of the artist's conscious, or unconscious, reflexes to the stimuli of his intellectual environment.

Nothing Gained

Nothing whatsoever is gained by stressing this commitment to the exclusion, or even the subjection, of style. The effect of such accentuation on the real artist is to break his spirit ; and the Soviets broke the spirit of Eisenstein . . . and others.

It is naive to suggest that the works of Brueghel and Hogarth, Burke and Dickens are valued because the subjects the artists chose to paint and write about were of immense contemporary significance, dealing with social problems of the day. These works are still revered, through the problems have long since been resolved.

In any event, Rowlandson and Bolingbroke were better " pamphleteers," and Samuel Johnson a better humanist than these others, yet their works are disregarded because they were inferior artists.

Similarly, *On the Waterfront*, *The Wild One* and *Death of a Cyclist* cannot be proclaimed masterpieces simply because they are intelligent essays on some aspect of contemporary society. No more than *Les Grande Manoeuvres*, Welles' *Othello*, *The Tales of Hoffman* or *Richard III* can be dismissed as trivia because they were essays in the investigation and development of the possibilities

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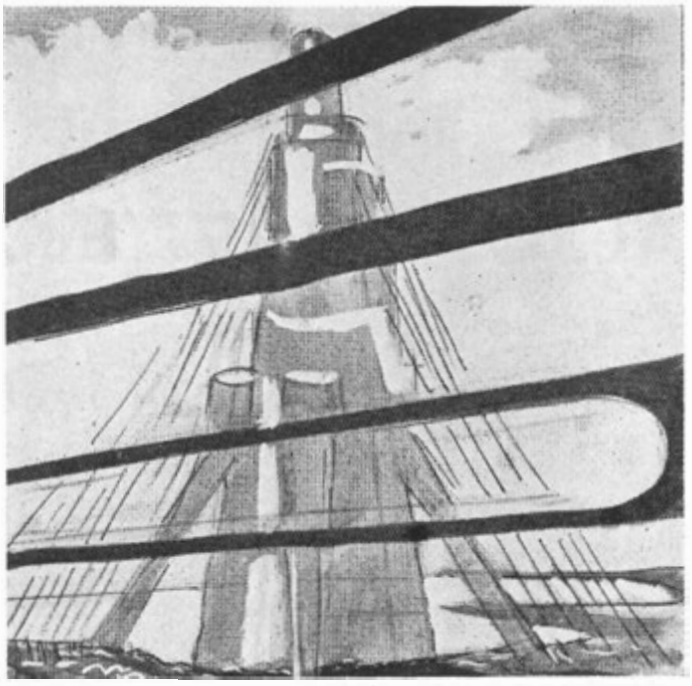
The Shape of Things Past

British art directors of the past set a world pattern for the future, as this article on film designing shows.

By **MARTIN GRAY**



WELLS VISION: Vincent Korda made this sketch for the famous rocket launching set in The Shape of Things to Come, *an adaptation from the H. G. Wells book.*

BRITISH films may be very bad (we often tend to underestimate our own achievements). Certainly we are not making today as many films of the quality Korda lavished on us in the mid-and later-'thirties, or pictures with the same revelation of the human spirit we made during the 'forties and those courageous years immediately following the debacle of war. Yet there are few British films that do not excel in . . . design.

Even pictures with the smallest budget and the slenderest claim of artistic " significance " possess an authority or ingenuity in their backgrounds which is seldom equalled in any other producing country in the world. Perhaps the greatest contribution British cinema has made to the sound film has been in the art department; and the framework for that contribution was conceived during the pre-war " rise " and the post-war " fall " of British cinema.

The coming of sound killed the fantasy of the silent cinema, and almost without exception, every studio in the world was content with films in which sets were either straight architectural copies from life, or unimaginative copies from the live theatre. Few producers would listen to the creative artists, who argued that the film medium essentially created its " third dimension " by movement within its two dimensional frame, and that movement had to be " designed."

Sir Alexander Korda, who came to London via Hungary and Paris, changed the whole British conception of film-making and so influenced styles in every country throughout the Western world. Korda brought with him his brother, Vincent, who had been an art student in Budapest, graduating through the academies of Vienna, Florence and Paris.

Vincent Korda was always in the enviable position of being allowed to put up lavish sets; but his conception of film-making seldom fell short of the scale in which he was able to work . . . *Henry VIII*, *Rembrandt*, *Things to Come*, *Lady Hamilton* and *Ideal Husband* among them.

Other Continental designers were to follow —Alfred Junge, Lazar Meerson (René Clair's designer, the man responsible for *La Kermesse Heroique*, and who came to England to do *As You Like It*) and Andre Andrejew among them.

Rapidly the whole outlook of film-making changed. Films were no longer exclusively a writer's art, a director's art . . . or a producer's whim. The conception of an overall " designer " for a picture began to take shape. The production designer helped to co-ordinate the visual composition of the film---costumes, customs, lighting, sets and so on—directly influencing the work of art director, dress designer and cameraman and, according to the personalities involved, the work of the director himself.

Today, few " big " productions are conceived without their being a production designer in control; and production design has become a logical training ground for associate producers and producers.

Among the first of the designers was Laurence Irving. Irving's book illustrations were known before he went to Hollywood in 1928, to be art director for Douglas Fairbanks on *The Man in the Iron Mask*. (He is the grandson of Sir Henry Irving.) Returning to England, he devoted himself to designing for the theatre. When Gabriel Pascal obtained Shaw's permission to film *Pygmalion*, Irving was an obvious choice as art director. Later, J. Arthur Rank invited him to produce *and design* Le Fanu's novel, *Uncle Silas*.

Other theatre designers were attracted to the cinema, notably as a result of the renaissance brought about by Korda's London Films and Del Guidice's Two Cities. Roger Furse was released from the Navy in 1944 to design the costumes and armour for Olivier's *Henry V*, and followed that by becoming production designer for Reed's *Odd Man Out*. Furse was then appointed production designer by Olivier for *Hamlet*, when he had with him, as art director, Carmen Dillon, whose work now graces a large part of the Pinewood output. Furse had for long been associated with the Old Vic, and his inventive mind enabled him to conceive an ideal harmony between theatrical Shakespearian tradition and the wholly unfettered and malleable medium of film.

From Cochran Revues

Oliver Messel, who had been designing masks and decor for a series of Cochran revues since 1926, was released from the Army to design the film of *Ceasar and Cleopatra* for Pascal. His style, reminiscent of the Baroque and Rococo, were oddly at variance with the " spectacle " conception of the film. Messel is not the kind of artist who can compromise with commercial requirements. Yet he made a considerable impact on the immediate post-war British cinema, his most notable achievement being *Queen of Spades*.

Hein Heckroth was among the German art intellectuals of the immediate post-1918 period. His theatrical experience was mostly as a ballet dancer (he had joined forces with Kurt Jooss in 1924), a natural tendency for a man who, from the outset, spurned the conventions of a realist theatre. After working on the costumes for *Caesar and Cleopatra*, he was attracted to the work of Powell and Pressburger, designing the ingenius ballet film *The Red Shoes*. Since then, nearly all the Powell-Pressburger " fantasies " have carried a credit for Heckroth's work.

But the real movement in cinema design was away from theatrical conceptions, so it was logical that the mainstream of designers and art directors should be men to whom theatre was of secondary importance—if of any importance at all.

Andre Andrejew displayed a unique gift for the manipulation of planes and masses in his design, details being to him of secondary importance. He showed a masterly understanding of false perspective, suggesting depth where no depth in fact existed with his almost uncanny knowledge of what a camera lens can (and cannot) do.

Russian-born, he had studied to be an architect. He had designed *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1931) for Pabst, many of his sets inspired by the wood-engravings of Gustave Dore. Later, Andrejew art directed Duvivier's *Golem* and, coming to Britain in 1937, worked with Basil Dean on *Whom the God's Love*.

It was inevitable that he would come under the Korda influence, working on several London Films productions . . . his most notable, *Anna Karenina* (for which Duvivier came to Britain to direct); an exquisite film to see, but one sadly lacking in its dramatic intensity.

Much of Andrejew's work has been done in association with Ferdinand Bellan, a genius with the sketch block, whose association with film-makers of the stature of Lubitsch, Dreyer and Czinner was, more often than not, to help them develop their flights of fancy into the visual patterns needed for the art director's work. Bellam worked with Vincent Korda on such films as *Thief of Baghdad* and *Four Feathers*; and some of his best work was seen in the ill-fated *Bonnie Prince Charlie*.

Alfred Junge, another German to bring his talents to Britain, started stage designing when he was eighteen. During the vintage years of German silent cinema, he worked on many U.F.A. films. He was one of the few leaders of style during the formative years of British sound cinema, working at Gaumont-British from 1932-1938 (among his films were *The Good Companions*, *The Constant Nymph*, *Jew Suss* and *King Solomon's Mines*). Later, Hollywood signed him for the British-made M-G-M pictures, *The Citadel* and *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. It was not surprising that Junge, with his penetrating conception of an artist's rights and responsibilities (he is often credited as being the first art director in Britain to establish a designer's rights to establish camera viewpoints), should find himself working with Michael

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THEY FORGOT THE PUBLIC *ALSO* HAD INTELLIGENCE

By producer Filippo Del Giudice

IN 1942, as head of Two Cities films, I had the opportunity of forecasting *anything* which has happened in the film business today. Sixteen years have passed, and many millions of pounds lost by the film world, only because my own forecast was not taken seriously. In 1947, a film trade-paper published an article of mine in which I gave my reasons for the decline of the film business. I have not changed any of my theories. They still hold good, in spite of the many attitudes of the constituted organisations towards me. Truth cannot be denied—especially when it is proved by facts. And I am determined to prove that the principles of this vast business must be changed, by a reality which it is vain to contradict unless facing disaster.

The main truth is that the vast majority of people have changed their attitude to the cinema for many years, yet the people in the film business have not changed their attitudes.

The majority of the poeple—in all parts of the world—are people of mature intelligence. They constitute the great majority of the population. They are no longer interested in fictional stories, on which the majority of films are based. The present state of decline of the film industries throughout the world is due mainly to the fact that the majority is deserting the cinemas. The circuits are compelled to change programmes every few days because the young people, or those who like " light " entertainment, quickly exhaust the cinema's potential audience. The large crowds of the old days are now very seldom seen. Cinemas do not pay their enormous expenses unless they change their programmes. From this vicious circle will be proved that we are already facing the necessity of closing down *two-thirds* of our cinemas unless the circuit owners face unavoidable bankruptcy.

This is the secret.

" Subjects " of the old-fashioned kind (based on stereotyped stories of fiction, designed to exploit the so-called " box office " stars), no longer interest the more mature intelligence of the public.

Impact of TV

To this fact is to be added the impact of television. Not because television is a substitute for film entertainment, but only because between a " bad " television entertainment and a " bad " film entertainment, people prefer television, which can at any time be switched off . . . and costs less.

A good film will always attract people in preference to television, providing it is based on " artistic " subjects, and is properly advertised and presented.

What happens today in the film world ?

No film of ordinary, stereotyped entertainment, can pay its cost. This is the reason for the decline of the film industries all over the world. But, in addition to the wrong choice of subjects, there is an economic reason which is causing an undue loss of the money invested in production.

With the present system the following percentages are due on any amount of money which is collected at the box-office, and no film can pay its production costs if it does not have a long run . . . and stereotyped ones cannot have a long run. From what is collected at the box-office, first one has to pay an average of 20 per cent in Government entertainment taxes ; from the balance of the money, 50 per cent is retained, generally, by the cinemas (which can hardly pay their expenses) ; from the balance, 25-30 per cent is retained by the distributors. Finally, the producer must repay the cost of his production. With these deductions, with the exception of very few inexpensive films, it is impossible to go on losing enormous amounts of money and, what is worse, the reputation of the entire film business is greatly damaged.

In general, films, except very few, are affected by the false belief that the so-called " box office " is the synonym of " loss." For many years I have been pointing this out, but *nobody* believed me ; and I have been unjustly accused of extravagance, and so on.

What They Cost

Nobody knows that the *average* cost of the films which have brought repute to the industry (especially in Britain) has never been over two hundred thousand pounds, including *Henry V* and *Hamlet*, with Sir Laurence Olivier, which are everlasting, and which cost, the first £575,000 and the second £650,000. They were made facing films which cost only £125,000 ; and the greatly praised in America, *Tawny Pipit*, which cost under £150,000. All these films, sold prematurely from the organisations for which I made them, have been a great source of prestige and money to American distributors with everlasting powers of prestige and money.

These considerations were the real basis of the so-called " Del's Method," which, in my opinion, will be the future of the film business.

When I shall make the first new film, under my conditions, that is, in harmony with my " method," all this will appear evident and, if God will still keep me in the health I enjoy now, I shall be happy to have opened a new period for the prosperity of the film business.

What is my " method " ?

It is all very simple : (1) The stories of the films have to be selected principally from three grounds : *Classicism*, *Realism* (beautiful, and not ugly or unbelievable) and *Moral*, with some Fantasies in the frame of the reality. There is no use choosing from any other themes for the sake of the so-called " box-office," which, today, sounds like " box-poison."

(2) Once the film of the kind which appeals to the majority of people has been made, the exploitation of it must be completely changed. For the moment I will confine my remarks to England and North America. It is not wise to extend, at present, the scope of our exploitation while the source of finance remains difficult. And it is, indeed, very difficult ! Bankers and financiers are now only prepared to invest money in production on the wrong belief that distributors (who are the only people in the film industry who have credit from them) are offering better guarantees on many films ; which, in the end, make the financiers believe that it is better investment with positive guarantee of their money.

Plus Profit

When will come the time when it will be proved that my kind of " exploitation " pays in a better way than any other form ? Only then will investors consider the wisdom of backing the productions with the certainty of return for their money—plus a considerable profit.

My contention is then, that first of all, the subjects must please the majority of the population, and in my mature experience, such subjects must be confined to the above three grounds of Classicism, Realism and Moral. Once the film has been made *properly*, in harmony with these kinds of subjects, its exploitation in Britain and North America must develop in harmony with the following points.

In Britain and North America there are only to be selected 16 cinemas, of which only ten cinemas are in North America and six in Britain.

I have no doubt that amongst each population there is 2½ per cent liking artistic subjects. The only set-back is that these people are not inclined to run the risk of seeing a film until

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PARTNERS : J. Arthur Rank (now Lord Rank) with producer Filippo Del Giudice on the set of Carol Reed's The Way Ahead *at Denham in 1943. Rank and Giudice were partners in such notable ventures as* The Gentle Sex, The Demi-Paradise, This Happy Breed, Blithe Spirit, Way to the Stars *and* Odd Man Out. *Photo : Kine Weekly*

About the Writer . . . . Filippo Del Giudice was born in Trani, Italy, in 1892. Educated at the Rome University, he became an attorney-at-law, later taking an interest in film production. Arriving in London in 1941, he created Two Cities Films and, as executive producer, was in charge of production of such vintage British films as Asquith's *French Without Tears*, Coward's *In Which We Serve*, Olivier's *Henry V*, Bernard Miles' *Tawny Pipit*, Reed's *The Way Ahead*, Dickinson's *Men of Two Worlds* and, later, as head of Pilgrim Pictures, he produced the Boultings' *The Guinea Pig* and Ustinov's *Private Angelo*. He returned to Italy in 1950 at the end of a notable creative decade in British cinema.

The Play's the Thing

The distinguished British director of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Rattigan's *The Browning Version* and Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, writes about his approach to filming drama originally conceived for the theatre.

By **ANTHONY ASQUITH**

REHEARSAL: Director Anthony Asquith (kneeling) rehearses Dirk Bogarde, Robert Morley and John Robinson for a scene in Shaw's The Doctor's Dilemma. *Produced and written for the screen by Anatole de Grunwald, this Eastman Colour production also stars Leslie Caron.* *Photo: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

IN any artistic medium it would seem to be a self-evident truth that a work which, from the start, has been conceived in terms of that medium must be a better, a "truer" example of it than the translation into it of something which already exists in its own right in another medium. And yet one has only to think of Verdi's *Othello* to realise that art, unlike science, is an obstinate non-conformist to general principles.

I believe that there is only one test of the validity of a work of art—Does it "come off"? And I don't think it matters a hang whether the source of a film is a play, a novel or an original story. What does matter is that the director should have truly imagined or, in the case of a play or novel, re-imagined his material in the terms of his medium.

There is an enormous amount of nonsense talked about what is or is not "cinematic," and when a film is an adaptation of a play, there are some who jump to the conclusion that it cannot be true "cinema," that it must be "just a photographed play" (is there not just a touch of snobbery in their pious shudder?), unless the scenes in the play are given visual movement which extends beyond the limits imposed by the stage set. Such people believe that if you have a scene in a play where two people are sitting talking to each other, the only escape from the theatrical medium is to start the dialogue in the room, get them to move out, dissolve to them on top of a bus, dissolve to them on the moving staircase of the Underground and finish with them in a punt on the river. By doing this they believe they have translated a theatrical scene into film terms by giving it the kind of movement which is impossible in the theatre.

This, of course, is a complete misunderstanding, both of the nature of dramatic movement and the fundamental difference between the theatre and the cinema. It is true that sometimes such treatment is appropriate. I have done it myself in *French Without Tears* and *The Final Test*, but more often, the dramatic movement is in the growing tension between the two characters and depends on the ebb and flow of the dialogue. If you impose visual movement which neither naturally accompanies the dialogue nor adds point to it by its very incongruity, especially movement which involves dissolving from one setting to another, you will find you have slowed down the real movement of the scene if not destroyed it altogether. It is perfectly possible to film a scene out of a play without altering one comma, or adding one movement, and yet have achieved the necessary translation from one medium to another.

Schoolmaster Scene

To take an extreme example there is, in *The Browning Version*, a long scene where the schoolmaster (Michael Redgrave) is giving a lesson to a boy (Brian Smith). They are both sitting at the master's study desk, exactly as they were on the stage. The scene is played through without any change of camera angle, or cut. There is no movement. What, then, makes this into a film scene and not just a film record of the stage scene? In this instance, entirely by placing the camera so that Redgrave is in forground, in profile, with the boy beyond, three-quarter facing camera.

During this scene the master, for a moment, lets us see beneath the cold dry shell . . . a glimpse of the pathetic, disappointed, vulnerable human being. The boy also sees it, and responds with immediate sympathy. At once the master's defences are up. He dreads pity. It is only a moment of emotion; but a deeply touching one. What makes it a film scene is firstly, the extreme intimacy which the camera establishes between actor and audience. This enables Redgrave to express the finest shades of thought and emotion in a way that would be literally invisible on the stage. Then the camera angle enables the audience to see Redgrave's mental processes as he instinctively turns from the boy towards the camera, and at the same time the eager response to them reflected in Brian Smith's face. Further it is not only the proximity to the actors, but the momentary exclusion of their surroundings which gives such an intensely concentrated effect.

Theatre Angles

Lastly, there is one of the fundamental differences between film and theatre. In a theatre everyone sees something slightly different, according to his position. In a cinema, everyone sees *exactly* the same thing. The film director can, unlike his stage colleague, ensure that every member of the public shall see exactly what he wants them to see *and nothing else.*

But, to return for a moment to movement. I believe as strongly as anyone that visual movement is a vital element in the cinema; but I believe that in a sound film it must not be imposed on the aural flow, or even be a casual fellow-traveller. It must be the partner of an indissoluble marriage. And this is never more true than when you have long dialogue scenes involving several characters.

This is a problem which is constantly arising in filming the plays of Bernard Shaw, of which I have done two—*Pygmalion*, in 1937, and *The Doctor's Dilemma* this year. The heart of a Shaw scene is nearly always a verbal one. The dialogue is closly knit, but elaborate. It is almost impossible to break up such scenes into small sections, without destroying the general rhythm and also making it far harder for the actors.

I prefer, therefore, to do such scenes in one continuous take. At the same time I try to achieve the different emphasis of long-shot, medium-shot and close-up by devising movements for the actors and the camera which will give me these gradations at the right moment, without having to interrupt the scene with a cut. It is what I might call a legato technique.

Sometimes into these scenes I interject a staccato chord, as it were, by a sudden cut in to a big close-up. Sometimes a scene which has started smoothly and flowingly leads naturally into a quick machine-gun fire of individual close-ups. This would happen when the pace of the dialogue quickens and long paragraphs are broken up into short sentences.

Generally speaking, with Shaw I try to make the visual flow and emphasis correspond to the rhythm and sense of the dialogue, not make a counterpoint to it, because Shaw is so verbally explicit that everything must be done to concentrate the attention to the audience on what is being said. This does not, of course, mean that I never use individual silent reactions from characters who are not speaking.

I profoundly distrust any generalisations, but, broadly speaking, with Shaw I found that the best approach to long dialogue scenes involving several characters was that of a choreographer whose prima ballerina is the camera—a prima ballerina whose movements, paradoxically, only deserves applause if the audience does not notice them.

Asquith's Films - - - -

1928—*Shooting Stars* (with A. V. Bramble); *Underground*. 1929—*The Runaway Princess*. 1930—*A Cottage on Dartmoor*. 1931—*Tell England*. 1932—*Dance, Pretty Lady*. 1933—*The Lucky Number*. 1934—*Unfinished Symphony* (co-director, English version). 1935—*Moscow Nights*. 1938—*Pygmalion* (with Leslie Howard). 1939—*French Without Tears*. 1940—*Freedom Radio*; *Quiet Wedding*. 1941—*Cottage to Let*. 1942—*Uncensored*. 1943—*We Dive at Dawn*; *The Demi-Paradise*; *Welcome to Britain* (with Burgess Meredith). 1944—*Fanny by Gaslight*. 1945—*The Way to the Stars*. 1946—*While the Sun Shines*. 1948—*The Winslow Boy*. 1950—*The Woman in Question*. 1951—*The Browning Version*. 1952—*The Importance of Being Earnest*. 1953—*The Net*; *The Final Test*. 1954—*The Young Lovers*; *Carrington, V.C.* 1958—*Orders to Kill*. 1959—*The Doctor's Dilemma.*

SHAW—AND THE DEVIL TO PAY

IN the days of Monty Banks and his mountebanks there came amongst us one who called himself a serious person with a clown inside. Thus was genius to our madness near allied.

It was *Daily Express* George Atkinson who took one, Cecil Lewis, to Scots producer John Maxwell. It was to the youngish Mr. Lewis that the already more than oldish George Bernard Shaw had conceded the right to make a Shaw film and we—at Elstree—were to produce it. This was not, in fact, strictly the first Shaw film. That had been made some five years before, in the silent film era, at a studio unbelievably in or under, of all places, a railway arch at Stockwell in South London, where Phonofilms were being turned out long before the Warner Brothers of Hollywood burst Al Jolson upon the world, revolutionised the whole business, and switched themselves from near bankruptcy to fantastic wealth.

This railway arch studio had, as director of production, Vivian Van Dam, who afterwards went in for dirt-tracks, and from that to the Windmill Theatre. A somewhat astonishing gentleman called Widgey Newman was his director. According to the records, Mr. Newman was "educated at Bedford and Cambridge and in Vienna" and had "studied medicine and practised publicity and journalism" before going in for films. How Van Dam and the exuberant Widgey did it, I do not know, but G.B.S. and Sacheverell Sitwell were some of the people they persuaded to go out to Stockwell to confront their prehistoric camera and sound recording apparatus for making Phonofilm shorts, which practically no one ever saw or heard. And it was thus there was made a potted version of *St. Joan.* The star? Sybil Thorndike herself.

A Novel Filmed

Not until long after, when the importance of film archiving was realised and put into practice, notably by the British Film Institute, did one learn that there had been a Shaw film even before this. Long before. This time of a novel, not a play. It was *Cashel Byron's Profession* (lovely subject), produced in Czechoslovakia. In 1921.

What sort of a man was this Cecil Lewis, who was now to play his part in the Elstree story?

Cecil Arthur Lewis, M.C., Dulwich College and Oundle, had as wide, varied and colourful a background as any in the wide, varied and colourful story of films. He was tall, in the John Reith manner of the early B.B.C., of which Cecil was one of the four founders. He wrote books (*Sagittarius Rising*), wrote stage and radio plays, directed stage and radio plays; also he met Mr. Shaw, who took to him.

As well as being tall, Cecil was, probably still is, slender, graceful, elegant and very sure of himself. He is the only man I have known who had a full length nature study of himself hanging in his rooms. As it was by Arthur Rackham, Cecil lost nothing in grace and line. The fact quite absurdly reminds me of the story related to me by the darling American actresses, June Clyde and Hedda Hopper, of their visit to Warwick Castle. They were taken round by a special guide and shown a figure of Adam in the crypt.

Nothing Wrong

"Do you see anything wrong with Adam?" asked the guide. My two ladies confessed demurely that, as far as they could judge, there was nothing wrong with Adam. "But there is," said the guide.

Another modest glance and they could only repeat that Adam looked all right to them. However, there *was* something wrong with Adam. The centuries forgotten sculptor had invested his subject with that one feature which Adam alone, of all mankind, could not have had. He boasted a navel.

The making of the first Shaw film in Britain, the potted *St. Joan* being included out, was an event. I have a signed (by John Maxwell) photograph of the Scot and the Irishman putting their names to the contract, and a psychologist could spend a profitable time studying their respective expressions. Nevertheless, the mountains were labouring over a rather small mouse because the subject chosen was the one-act play, *How He Lied to Her Husband* (Edmund Gwenn, the husband). It entailed, you see, only three characters and, even more important, only one set. If we were going *avant garde* we would minimise the risk. Yet this immensely funny little play is almost an epitome of Shaw, a concentrate of so much of his philosophy. I elated, turned over our young Frank Launder, who was already proving that he had not over-sold himself when he wrote those letters to John Maxwell and me, on to preparing a treatment. Frank had the right attack. He endeavoured to combine Shaw with cinema. He thought up a scene where the young lover (Robert Andrews) in his eagerness to meet his lady (Vera Lennox), dashes into the apartment and places his opera hat on the head of a piece of sculpture; young Mr. Launder said the piece of sculpture was to be a bust of George Bernard Shaw himself. Which I thought would amuse Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw was not amused. He said: "If you're going to have a bust of anybody, have one of John Maxwell."

No Treatment

In the result there was no screen treatment at all. Cecil delivered a photographed stage play. But what he did was exactly what Shaw wanted, and Shaw was there to see that he got what he wanted. The little film cost slightly more than £5,000 and, even at that tiny figure and despite the entertainment value that came through, it lost money. Shaw charged nothing for the story or his services. He was coming in on the profits.

John Maxwell was not deterred from another

About the Writer . . . Walter Charles Mycroft began life as a journalist, and was, at one time, film critic for the London *Evening Standard*. He entered films in 1928 as scenario editor for British International Pictures, and became director of productions at A.B.P.C. in 1933, making more than 200 films before he joined Gabriel Pascal Irish Screen Art Productions in 1947. He returned to A.B.P.C. as producer and scenario adviser. This contribution is adapted from the writer's autobiography, which he is preparing for publication in book form.

CONTRASTS: The stormy producer, Gabriel Pascal (centre), with the mild-mannered star of Pygmalion, *Leslie Howard (left), caught by the candid camera during studio conferences with author George Bernard Shaw. It was one of G.B.S.'s few studio visits.* *Photo: Kine Weekly*

THAT WORD: Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller in the market scene of Pygmalion. *It was a big box-office success . . . because of "that word."*
Photo: National Film Archive

G.B.S. was slow to have his plays filmed; and when he did, there was often the devil to pay. WALTER MYCROFT writes about Shaw films as he knows them—from the inside

attempt, and this time we chose, on my urgency, *Arms and the Man*. *Pygmalion* had been considered, but it had to be dropped because the censor would never, never, never pass That Word. And he did, indeed, put up a very determined, but unavailing, resistance when *Pygmalion* eventually reached the screen years later.

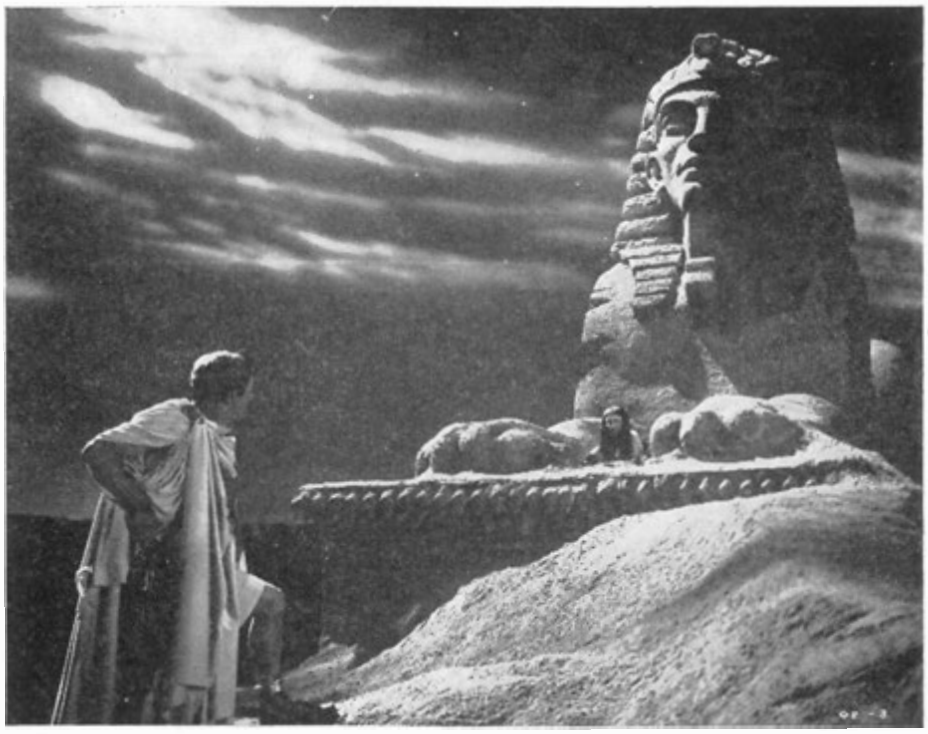
It was also my idea that Barry Jones should be Bluntschli, and Maurice Colbourne, Sergius, both of whom I had seen acting in such perfect style in *The Queen's Husband*. Neither name meant a thing at the cinema box-office. (It took, indeed, another 20 years for Barry Jones to be hailed as a star; that was in *Seven Days to Noon*, alas, also a flop.)

Intervention

We set out to exploit all the possibilities of the play to make *Arms and the Man* into an exciting movie. Shaw intervened. He would not agree to a single cut or change. All he would concede was the introduction of visual action, without dialogue, between the stage scenes, as it were.

I argued and pleaded in vain. The white beard glinted frostily on this fine spring day as he said, finally: "Mr. Mycroft, you are a clever man, and you are not the first to think you can improve my plays; but my plays can't be improved."

Cecil Lewis again directed and, despite the restrictions imposed by the author, got some real cinema into the first part of the film. The scenes of Bluntschli's escape, his breaking into the bedroom of Raina (Anne Grey), the chocolate-eating and the rest were first rate, and would stand up today. The biggest mistake was the studio's, who thought it would be a good idea to shoot as much of the film as possible on location, North Wales masquerading as Bulgaria. Dialogue scenes in the open air are always difficult, and here, with so much dialogue, the result was quite artificial, made more so by the lack of technical refinements not then available.



EXPORT: The Sphinx scene between Claude Rains and Vivienne Leigh in Caesar and Cleopatra. *After the studio close-ups were done, director Gabriel Pascal disappeared with his Sphinx . . . to Egypt, for exteriors.* *Photo: National Film Archive*

Festivity Leased

Arms and The Man was given a gala presentation by Captain Roy Limbert at his Malvern Theatre Festival. Festivity ceased to reign as the reels rolled on and on. Having stuck out so long, the author capitulated when it was too late and the damage was irreparable—he agreed to cuts at last, and bits were chiselled out of the film. That, of course, only made it shorter; nothing could alter the fact that what was left was still just solid chunks of dialogue.

We, at Elstree, surrendered unconditionally. The film lost real money this time, and our chairman was not having any more. Shaw, himself, did not lose actual, but only potential money. As before, he was going to take his share "out of the profits."

Now, in the great days of the Ufa Studios in Berlin, there was a film called *Cinderella* which, combined with Teutonic humour, some passages of sheer enchantment. Ludwig Berger (Munich and Heidelberg universities), violinist and organist prior to films, was the director. He afterwards went to Hollywood, with no great success, then came to England and discussed with me a tremendous film, *Handel*, which was beyond our reach. He went away and had a better idea. There came to be whispers of a film made in Holland, called *Pygmalion*, which was making Dutch film history. Better than that, it was making masses of good Dutch dough. It was Shaw's *Pygmalion*. Berger was the director and adaptor; note adaptor. It seemed that he had succeeded in screening a free version of the Shaw original. Because the Dutch market

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WAR SATIRE: The Hecht-Hill-Lancaster team have recently completed, in Britain, a version of Shaw's satire on the American War of Independence, The Devil's Disciple. *It has been directed by Guy Hamilton and produced by Harold Hecht.*

Left: The enemies meet. Pastor Anthony Anderson (Burt Lancaster) cautions a Red Coat (Alan Cuthbertson).

Centre: The rope is ready. Richard Dudgeon (Kirk Douglas) prepares to face death, condemned by the British as a rebel.

Right: Tea time. General Burgoyne (Sir Laurence Olivier) has a tea invitation for a lady friend.
Photos: United Artists

What WE Think

Seeking the Best in Britain

DURING recent years, few people have had good words to say for British films—except the people who have to sell them. Most British films have been sadly out of touch with life ; and those that have attempted no more than to play upon our fancies have proved to be heavy-going entertainment indeed.

Now there are signs of a change for the better.

As our box-office survey of last month showed, three British films have held their own against all-comers as the most popular films of 1958.

But what is more important to those who regard cinema as something more than mere mass entertainment, is the new direction taken over the past few weeks by several producing companies. There is courage and conviction in the studios again.

British studios are making Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *The Devil's Disciple*. They are making John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and John Braine's *Room at the Top*. Alec Guinness made *The Horse's Mouth* ; and followed it up with *The Scapegoat*. Down at Elstree, J. Lee-Thompson has finished *No Trees in the Street*, at Pinewood the Relph-Dearden team is making a film with a colour-bar background, and Launder and Gilliat have even had the audacity to make fun of politics.

Three shadows hang over these imaginative production schedules.

First, the amalgamation of the Odeon and Gaumont circuits will effectively reduce the number of British films needed to meet the statutory quota . . . unless the Board of Trade raises the quota level.

Secondly, the widespread integration of British subjects being made either in Hollywood, or by American production units here in Britain, is a threat to the nationalist element in film-making.

Thirdly, in an attempt to reach an international market, some producers are giving too much attention to the use of foreign artists and stories with foreign themes, and too little attention to developing what is best among British talent.

There is one test, and one test only, for the British cinema. Does its films reflect the hopes and fears of people like us, people who live and work here, in these islands ? Those are the films that will really entertain the world.

IN CAMERA

THE FILMS AND FILMING annual surveys—of the Box Office and the Critics—published in the January issue, made national newspaper headlines. The results were read by millions of cinemagoers.

Under the heading, Shoestring Success Shakes the Film Makers, that bright young writer of the *Daily Express*, Peter Evans, pointed out that *Carry On Sergeant* (named in the top three) was made for a modest £71,000 on a four week schedule.

Leslie Mallory, whose shrewd observations on the film scene appear in his Showpiece in the *News Chronicle*, wrote under the heading, War Beats Horror at the Film Box Office. He reflected our own delight that horror films did not do so well in the Box Office results.

The *Daily Mail* had a similar heading to its report : War Films Top the List.

While the well-informed *Manchester Guardian* headed its report, British Films the Most Popular, the Communist-controlled *Daily Worker* ran pictures from *Carry On Sergeant* and *Wild Strawberries* with the heading, They Scored at the Box-Office.

Even the trade press sat up and took note. *The Daily Cinema* front-paged the story with a banner heading : Public Favour Army in " U " Films.

And Dilys Powell, the doyen of national newspaper critics, referred to FILMS AND FILMING as " the lively magazine " in her annual *Sunday Times* survey.

New Showplace

THE opening of a new cinema is a special event these days when so many are closing. The Columbia, which opens during February with M-G-M's *Gigi*, is the first new cinema in London's West End since before the war. Situated near Cambridge Circus in Shaftesbury Avenue, this first venture into cinema exhibition by Columbia Pictures, has been built by Harold Wingate, who was also responsible for London's other " plushy "—the Curzon in Mayfair.

The Columbia is not only the height of modernity with its adaptability from normal ratio showings to the giant Todd-AO ; but it is also less likely to vex the people who go to see its programmes. For, although it could seat 800, the seating has been cut to 750 for maximum comfort.

There will no tiresome advertising shorts, and all seats will be bookable for separate performances. Only three matinees will be run. They will start at five o'clock on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Columbia Pictures deserves a mighty thank-you from cinemagoers. Let's hope that the fact that it is under the new offices of the Government's Egg Marketing Board is no evil portent !

No Illusion

THE most noted revival of many years is Jean Renoir's classic, *La Grande Illusion*, now to be seen in London. It is a bitter analysis of the small-minded group that plagues every community with its belief that, under certain circumstances, war is essential ; a bitter attack, in fact, of those people who, without war, have no reason to exist.

The stars—Stroheim, Gabin and Fresnay—were playing with fire when this controversial film was made twenty-one years ago. When completed, the film was too hot to handle, and the complete version was never released, until now. For Renoir has revised his masterpiece and it is showing in its original form.

In Paris, the revival has attracted more queues than any current new film !

Anglo-Soviet Deal

DESMOND O'DONOVAN is a very new name to add to the list of cinema moguls. Clean-shaven, ruddy-faced and conservatively dressed, O'Donovan was a BBC producer. He does not look quite at ease in the high-pressured world of films, but he knows how to lay on a provocative spread for hungry journalists. Some of the delicacies : miniature haggises in aid of St. Andrew's Day, and bottles of vodka in aid of his first film, *Operation Icebreaker*, the first Anglo-Russian feature film.

O'Donovan was given many congratulations in swinging the deal, especially as he can't speak the language (but his secretary can). However, he made it plain that congratulations would not be in order until the film was actually in the can. Obviously, O'Donovan (who was drinking old English light ale) is playing safe.

As far as casting goes, the producer would

Talking Point

The three old ladies are the stars of a new British film. Their average age is 70. *The film is called* Alive and Kicking. *It has been made by a veretan producer . . . 65-year-old Victor Skutezky. He's the man responsible for that brilliant young-in-heart frolic,* It's Great to be Young.

The three stars of Alive and Kicking *(from left to right) are Estelle Winwood (aged* 76), *Dame Sybil Thorndike (aged* 75) *and, a mere girl, Kathleen Harrison (aged* 60).

The film is a gentle comedy about old folk in Britain today. There are no youngsters in the cast . . . unless, of course, we include that other veteran, Stanley Holloway.

So often it is said that the cinema exists only as a place for amusing teenagers. So often the front-office executives argue that this young art is an art for young people.

Is it ? Do you want to see films like Alive and Kicking *? Will the old folk send you to sleep . . . or back to the cinema for more ? It's certainly a talking point.*

Photo : Associated-British

not go as far as to say that the casting was definite, but the following had been "approached": Trevor Howard, Orson Welles and the Russian actress Tatiana Samoilova. O'Donovan flew off to Paris soon after the reception to "approach" John Huston about co-directing the project with the Russian, Sergei Gerasimov. Latest reports intimate that Mr. Huston can't speak Russian either. O'Donovan's secretary looks as though she is going to be busy if the cameras ever roll . . . perhaps as an icebreaker?

Uncut Stroheim

THE CINEMATHEQUE BELGIQUE not only played a vital part in the film festival aspect of the 1958 World Fair in Brussels; but it took its research one stage further by publishing some valuable documentation on Cinema.

I have just received, for the FILMS AND FILMING files, a three hundred page book of the complete, uncut Stroheim script of *Greed*; and a book twice that length setting out contemporary criticism, analysis and technical credits for the Twelve Best Films of all Time . . . the films selected for the World Fair by a panel of international film archivists.

Both books contain stills, many of which have not been previously published. Unfortunately, they are not available to collectors (so, please, no letters!); but the new light they shed on past masterpieces will be passed on to FILMS AND FILMING readers by our writers, as and when they have cause to take them from our library shelves.

Festival Calendar

THE ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL of the International Federation of Film Producers' Associations has met to study the calendar of international film festivals for 1959. The Council has given its approval to the festivals at Berlin, Cannes, San Sebastian and Venice, and recommended federated associations to participate at these events. These festivals will be the only ones empowered to present non-released films in competition.

Last month FILMS AND FILMING advocated a weeding-out of the less successful festival spots.

A certain number of other applications (for festival events) made by various nations or associations were left undecided, due to incomplete information; and the views of the Federation regarding these will be made known later after examination of their regulations.

Society Interviews

PETER JOHN DYER'S fascinating series, "Patterns of Cinema," will extend throughout 1959. By the time he has completed this new-style history of the movies, he expects to have written 150,000 words, selected 250 illustrations and spent almost countless hours looking at films and browsing through files.

But there will not be an article this month. He has been too busy going round Britain's film societies with a tape recorder (he visited Cardiff, Banstead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cambridge, Birmingham, Woking and Harlow) for a BBC Network Three series of programmes on the film society movement.

His next "pattern"—Rebels in Jackboots—will appear in the March issue. It will deal with nationalist propaganda in the European costume drama.

Twenty-Five Year Bar

SINCE 1932 there has been a British censorship ban on the Charles Laughton film, *Island of Lost Souls*, based on the H. G. Wells' shocker, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. Now it is at last to have a release (by Eros) with an "X" certificate.

Laughton plays a sleek, neatly-bearded, tea-drinking vivisectionist. The film was one of those dealt with last July in our "Patterns of Cinema" series . . . a "pattern" of horror.

Why has the Censor dropped his 25 year-old "ban"? Because, I am told, the film is by no means as horrible as many films being made (and given certificates) today. My view: Odd that the Censor withholds a certificate from *Torero*.

"It Stinks!"

NOW—get ready for the "smellies." Son of the late Michael Todd, Michael Todd Jnr., has persuaded United Artists (the company releasing his father's *Around the World in Eighty Days*) to put money in *Scent of Mystery*, due to start shooting in Spain during March.

Todd put the cost of converting a theatre Cinestage to Smell-o-Vision at about thirty thousand dollars. Gadgets dispensing the various smells will be attached to each seat. The plot of the film uses the smells as clues to help the audience solve a murder. It will run 105 minutes and contain thirty different scents.

I dread to think what will happen to the first critic who says it stinks.

Flashback

FEBRUARY, 1934: British films are in the news with the announcements from the two major studio chiefs, Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon, of their forthcoming pictures for this year. Korda's London Films has H. G. Wells at work on the script of his The Shape of Things to Come, *while it has signed up Charles Laughton for five pictures to be made in the next three years in this country, and Maurice Chevalier for six British films in the next three years. Says Korda: "I am not interested in producing a large programme each year. I want to make only a few films each year, but those will be of world-wide importance."*

Michael Balcon, speaking for Gaumont-British, says "For the first time a number of our directors will be going to various parts of the Empire to make pictures. Brown on Resolution *will be made in Malta, and Walter Forde, on completion of that picture, will go to India to make* Soldiers Three. *Victor Saville will be going to South Africa to make a film with Cecil Rhodes as its subject."*

Victor Saville's Friday the Thirteenth *stars Jessie Matthews and Ralph Richardson (illustrated) and Emlyn Williams, Sonnie Hale, Robertson Hare and traces the past lives of passengers in a crashing bus. Photo: National Film Archive*

When Bette Said "Shoot"

COVER STORY

ALEC GUINNESS and Daphne Du Maurier formed a company last year to make a film of Miss Du Maurier's most recent novel, *The Scapegoat*. Guinness worked on the script, and signed Robert Hamer, stylish director of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* and *Father Brown*, to make the picture. his first since 1954.

Set in France and shot on location and at M-G-M's Elstree studios, the film tells the story of a dull English don, who, while on holiday, meets and is forced to impersonate his exact facial double, an impoverished adventure-loving French nobleman.

Among the many anecdotes about the making of *The Scapegoat*, here is one by Roy Gough, stills cameraman on the picture, on taking the photo you see on the cover of this issue:—

"I had heard frightening tales of temperamental American stars. What, indeed, of Miss Davis? On location I had barely met her.

"The day came for the scenes between John, the schoolmaster (Alec Guinness), and the Count's mother, a tyrannical drug addict, played by Bette Davis. I went on to the floor. In the middle of the set was a large, ornate bed. From this bed were coming harsh, violent screams. A small, wild-haired figure was tearing at the bed-clothes with claw-like hands and, from a white, ravaged face, two enormous eyes flashed fire. Miss Bette Davis was rehearsing.

"I set my camera and advanced. The screams ceased, the palsied hands stopped their twitching; the 'fire' dulled to a mere white heat, and concentrated upon me. 'Yes?' . . . 'Miss Davis . . . may I? . . . some *candid* pictures?' I dried up!

"The frightening mask seemed to dissolve; a remarkably gentle voice said: 'Why sure, son, that's the way I like them!' I took my pictures."

CUTTING

The Doctor's Dilemma *is a marvellous picture. I'm just hoping people will think it's another of Dirk Bogarde's "Doctor" series. If they know it's by Bernard Shaw, I have a sneaking suspicion no one will go to see it.*—Leslie Caron in the *Sunday Express*.

FREE CINEMA—*from page 10*

of the cinema a s a means of creative expression.

Free Cinema in its present paradoxically "committed" form, is barely recognisable as the movement it promised to be; and the Experimental Production Committee of the British Film Institute, which is the "School of Cinematic Art," is doing the cinema precious little service by encouraging it. Perfection must be the aim, mastery of the medium, and pride in craftsmanship. They are vital to the development of every art form, and can alone grant the British film-makers the eloquence they lack.

It behoves the Experimental Production Committee to improve British films in the ways open to it, namely the investigation of new techniques, and the instruction and encouragement of craftsmanship. It would appear to lie quite outside the Committee's province to concern itself with the artist's choice of theme, or, more especially, to dictate what are and what are not fit subjects for the film-maker.

By furthering the aims of the present exponents of Free Cinema, whose prime objectives appear to be to reduce the film to a political document, and to make political effectiveness the yardstick of cinematic achievement, the Committee is gilding itself, and the cinema. The immediate aim must be to set Free Cinema free.

Two views of the British way of life — AT HOME

ROOM AT THE TOP

Jack Clayton's second film as director (his first was *The Bespoke Overcoat*), *Room at the Top* has been adapted from angry-young-man John Braine's novel by Neil Patterson, whose screen credits include *Man on a Tightrope* and *The Kidnappers*

Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) returns to Britain after years as a prisoner of war. He gets a job in the Borough Treasurer's Department in the north-country town of Warnley. He strikes up a friendship with Charles Soames (Donald Houston), who suggests that Joe might find amusement by joining the Thespians, the local amateur dramatic group.

Here Joe meets Alice Aisgill (Simone Signoret), French wife of a local man (top left) and Brown (Donald Wolfit), a local industrialist, and his daughter Susan (Heather Sears) (centre left). Joe attempts to make up to Susan, only to be upbraided by her boy friend Jack Wales (John Westbrook). Joe turns to Alice for advice. A second attempt at meeting Susan is again interrupted by Jack.

Joe's friends and his employer, Hoylake (Raymond Huntley), warn him that Brown, Susan's father, will not approve of the match. Joe makes love to Susan. Offered a job in a nearby town, he goes for an interview. When he returns Susan has left for a holiday on the Continent. He meets Alice again, and a passionate affair begins. Invited to a Civic Ball, Joe is overjoyed to find that Susan has returned from France . . . Wales is there (centre right), and Joe gets the better of him.

Brown mysteriously offers him a job. He turns it down, and then learns that Susan is pregnant by him. He tells Alice. Later he learns that Alice has killed herself while driving. He goes out on a round of the pubs. Charles and his fiancee (Mary Peach) find him in a gutter (lower left).

Joe's marriage to Susan is a major social event in Warnley (lower right). Only a careful observer would notice the long pause before Joe's " I will." *Photo: British Lion*

. . . and ABROAD

CARLTON-BROWNE OF THE F.O.

Lampooning the British and their traditions has always been a tradition itself among this island's humorists. In cinema those who have rallied to this joyous cause number many illustrious names : Robert Hamer, Henry Cornelius, Anthony Asquith, Charles Crichton, Dearden and Relph, Alexander Mackendrick, Launder and Gilliat, Mario Zampi and the Boulting Brothers among them. John and Roy Boulting have, in recent years, poked fun at the Army, the Law and University life. In their new picture they take the lid off the Foreign Office and glimpse bowler-hatted bureaucracy at work in the far-flung outposts . . . with no traditions.

Photos : British Lion

In the pictures : Carlton-Browne is in charge of the " Miscellaneous Territories " department of the Foreign Office. When a group of British scientists disappear while on a mission in Gaillardia, he is sent to investigate. The young King (Ian Bannen) and his Prime Minister (Peter Sellers) await his arrival (top left). Carlton-Browne (Terry-Thomas) finds that American football is not cricket (top right). At a welcoming dinner party, he finds Gaillardian entertaining somewhat unconventional (centre). So does his aide (Thorley Walters (lower left). Gaillardian diplomacy is also just as unconventional they learn . . . as they nurse their wounds after escaping a carelessly thrown bomb (lower right).

JOHN OSBORNE'S LOOK BACK IN ANGER

★

Directed By

TONY RICHARDSON

When *Look Back in Anger* burst upon the Royal Court Theatre on May 8, 1956, its young author, John Osborne (26 at the time), cannot have realised what it was to start in the theatre . . . or the cinema.

Richard Burton plays Jimmy Porter (top), the shiftless rebel, who see-saws between a nagging despairing attitude to life which nearly drives his young wife Alison (Mary Ure—centre left) to distraction, and a passionate fervour which is equally unnerving. Alison, unable to stand Jimmy's frequent tirades, leaves him just as she is about to have his baby, without telling him of the fact. Helene (Claire Bloom—centre) with whom Jimmy carries on an affair whilst Alison is away, finds that beneath the hate they have for each other, there is a deep physical attraction which draws them together.

Photos : Associated British-Pathé

TED WILLIS'S NO TREES IN THE STREET

★

Directed by

J. LEE-THOMPSON

No Trees in the Street is the second picture made by J. Lee-Thompson, Frank Godwin and Ted Wilis. Set in the East End in the years before the last war, it looks at the effect the East End and its slums has on a family . . . and especially the youngest member of it.

In the Martin's tenement flat in Kennedy Street, E. Kipper (Stanley Holloway) pours himself a drink while Jess Martin (Joan Miller) catches her son Tommy (Melvyn Hayes) with a set of stolen tools, which the boy had asked the blind Bill (Liam Redmond) to dispose of. (Above.)

Hetty Martin (Sylvia Syms) resents Wilkie's (Herbert Lom) persistent advances for it is he that is leading her young brother into crime (lower left). Jess meets Marge (Lana Morris) on the stairway to the Martin's flat, hoping against hope that Marge will not tell the police that Tommy, now wanted for murder, is hiding in a room upstairs. (right).

Photos : Associated British-Pathé

Room at the Top

Reviewed by
PETER JOHN DYER

Directed by Jack Clayton. Produced by John and James Woolf. Screenplay by Neil Paterson, from the novel by John Braine. Associate producer, Raymond Anzarut. Art director, Ralph Brinton. Director of photography, Freddie Francis. Editor, Ralph Kemplen. Music composed by Mario Nascimbene. Assistant director, Ronald Spencer. British. British Lion Films. Cert. X. 117 mins.

Joe Lampton, LAURENCE HARVEY ; *Alice Aisgill*, SIMONE SIGNORET ; *Susan Brown*, HEATHER SEARS ; *Mr. Brown*, DONALD WOLFIT ; *Mrs. Brown*, AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS ; *Charles Soames*, DONALD HOUSTON ; *Mr. Hoylake*, RAYMOND HUNTLEY ; *Jack Wales*, JOHN WESTBROOK ; *George Aisgill*, ALLAN CUTHBERTSON ; *June Samson*, MARY PEACH ; *Elspeth*, HERMIONE BADDELEY ; *Eva*, DELENA KIDD ; *Cyril*, IAN HENDRY ; *Teddy*, RICHARD PASCO ; *Meg*, PRUNELLA SCALES ; *Mary*, KATHERINE PAGE ; *Miss Brieth*, THELMA RUBY and *Janet*, ANNE LEON

THE main problem in *Room at the Top* is to decry the director's attitude towards his theme. Apart from a prize-winning short, *The Bespoke Overcoat*, this is the first feature film which Jack Clayton has directed ; and the problem is further aggravated by my ignorance of what British Lion publicity refers to as " John Braine's *scorching* best seller," and " A savage story of lust and ambition." It might almost seem a case of Love me, love my " X "-Certificate, with Simone Signoret's name proudly displayed at the top of the billing to make things as tantalising as possible.

In actual fact, the most important quality this film possesses is not its obvious determination to call a spade a bloody spade, but its exceptionally daring attempt to find up-to-the-minute drama in the Borough Treasurer's Department of Warnley, in the industrial North.

Ruthless Ambition

Joe Lampton, the department's new accountant, loses no time in ruthlessly pursuing his ambition : to marry class, looks and money—all in the person of a rather dim little piece, Susan Brown, who is the pride and joy of the local Amateur Dramatics Society. Undeterred by the warnings of an office colleague, and the hostility of Susan's mother and fiance, Joe single-mindedly cultivates the girl until her father intervenes. He now drifts into a passionate affaire with a much older woman, Alice Aisgill, which is, in turn, interrupted by a violently bitter quarrel driving him back to Susan, whom he seduces. Philandering with both women, liable to be smashed by the husband of one and the father of the other, his fate is suddenly decided by Susan's pregnancy, and the day after Alice has killed herself, he rides in a wedding limousine towards his goal at " t'Top o't'Town."

Given the treatment it deserves, this subject would be as salutary, illuminating and compassionate as it is black, intolerable and frightening. But, because it occasionaly lapses into clichés of dialogue, shallow characterisation, melodramatic handling and ambiguous motivation, it achieves little more than a persuasive surface reality. The town itself, with its melancholy streets and meagre office interiors, its scruffy club dining rooms and cluttered up love nests, is suffocatingly well-observed throughout.

Better still, Jack Clayton reveals a sharper edge to his talent than mere visual reportage : quite remarkably he transforms the familiar into the unfamiliar by a neat sense of irony, a sustained dramatic invention, and a quick eye for telling detail.

There are many excellent scenes that illustrate Clayton's rare professionalism : Joe's singularly unromantic, almost grudging seduction of Susan against the prettily romantic background of the moors, and its depressingly banal conclusion, with the ill-suited couple meandering into the distance, the girl babbling on infuriatingly about " feeling different " ; the wet, dismal and yet infinitely touching weekend spent by Alice and Joe in a seaside cottage ; Joe's visit to his impoverished family, in a council-condemned street identified by a loose sign as " Hope Street."

Yet the film somehow remains oblique, lacking in genuine human response. There is nothing blatantly false, but on the other hand nothing clearly defined as to Clayton's feelings about these trapped, petty, class-conscious townspeople.

Like Laurence Harvey's inflexible performance as Joe, the film is best when angry, aggressive and barbed. But are Joe's tears crocodile tears ? Has Joe any feeling beyond sex and ambition ? What *is* the real Joe that Alice alone discerns when she sleeps with him ? We never really know.

So that, unable to discover any clear commitments to the central character or to the background he represents, one is bound to look inquiringly to the rest of the playing.

In Simone Signoret's case, this is overwhelmingly tragic, honest and acute, and the actress dominates the film. Furthermore, the emotional truth which she brings to her relationship with Harvey is so much more intense than his, that the balance is sufficiently upset to make one wonder all the more what kind of man exactly is reflected in her love.

Heart-rending

Apart from Signoret's heart-rending performance, one other sticks in the mind. To the sentimental, loyal, deeply affectionate character of Elspeth, Alice's friend, Hermione Baddeley brings powerful accusation and vivid attack, and I doubt whether she ever acted better. Donald Wolfit's factory tycoon has a surprising restraint and genuine authority superior to his somewhat melodramatically written part : his club-room luncheon scene, caught fast as it is in the unlikely soup, wine, coffee and you'll-do-as-you're-told tradition of bellowing caricature, comes off purely because of Wolfit's tact.

Flawed, ultimately, by a performance and a central character that never come close enough to be identified, and by a tentative attitude to the system and background that creates the Joe Lamptons of today, *Room at the Top* nevertheless signals a rare departure in British film-making, as well as a bold directorial talent—neither of which, one hopes, will go without notice of effect.

***The Horse's Mouth*, directed by Ronald Neame, and starring Alec Guinness and Kay Walsh, was selected for a Royal premiere at the Empire, Leicester Square, on February 2. It was our " Preview " picture page selection for October 1958, and will be reviewed in the next issue. *Separate Tables*, directed by Delbert Mann, and starring David Niven, Deborah Kerr and Gladys Cooper, opens in the West End on February 5. It will be reviewed next month.**

PERIOD PIECE : Leslie Caron and Louis Jourdan as they appear in Vincente Minnelli's Gigi, *" a period piece " based on the Colette play with music by the* My Fair Lady *team. Lerner and Loewe.*
Photo : Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Gigi

Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Arthur Freed. Screenplay and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. Based on the novel by Colette. Music by Frederick Loewe. Music supervised and conducted by Andre Previn. Orchestrations by Conrad Salinger. Art directors, William A. Horning and Preston Ames. Costumes, scenery and production design by Cecil Beaton. Director of photography, Joseph Ruttenberg. Assistant directors, William McGarry and William Shanks. Editor, Adrienne Fazan. Vocal supervision. Robert Tucker. American. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cinemascope. Metrocolor. Cert. A. 115 mins.
Gigi, LESLIE CARON ; *Honore Lachaille*, MAURICE CHEVALIER ; *Gaston Lachaille*, LOUIS JOURDAN ; *Mme. Alvarez*, HERMIONE GINGOLD ; *Liane D'Exelmans*, EVA GABOR ; *Sandomir*, JACQUES BERGERAC ; *Aunt Alicia*, ISABEL JEANS ; and *Manuel*, JOHN ABBOTT.

IF you have been thinking of going to see *My Fair Lady*, forget it. *Gigi* is even better. This is going to be a film musical that in years to come will be mentioned in the same breath as *The Great Ziegfeld*, *On the Town* and *An American in Paris*. It is, in the truest sense, a creation . . . fresh, original, impeccable and wonderfully entertaining.

Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe have turned their attention from Shaw to Colette, from London of the Edwardians to Paris of the gay nineties.

There are three possible approaches to such a subject as a screen musical. It could be a brash and vulgar show, French in name only, like *Les Girls* ; stylised and inventive, a frame for abstract dance forms ; or saturated in the period, every line of dialogue and every song turned to give a new slant on an old glory.

Lerner and Loewe chose the latter approach. Their characters are not Anglo-French or Americo-French, but French-French. They are gay (because they live instead of merely exist) ; they are amoral (because they see morality as the device of hypocrites) ; and they are lovable (because their souls are so full of wit there is little room for vice).

The story is as slight as Gigi herself. The teenage girl lives in middle-class squalor with her grasping grandmother, Madame Alvarez, the while having her future as a lady of quality planned by the wealthy Aunt Alicia, to whom marriage is inevitable only when every other strategy for a good life has failed. Gaston, the most eligible catch of the season, is guided in the affaires of the heart by his old roué of an uncle, Honore. Inevitably, Gigi is the next

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bloom to be plucked. The fact that in the last ten lines of dialogue, Gigi puts marriage before bed, is the only condenscention to present-day morality that Lerner and Loewe make to their cinema audience.

The music and lyrics have an astringent sophistication, blighted by none of the contemporary Tin-Pan-Alley cynicism. The lyrics are fresh and original, springing logically from situation and character. The music has the sparkle of the best of Offenbach, without any sense of parody. Right through from the opening numbers (*Thank Heaven for Little Girls* and *It's a Bore*) to *The Night They Invented Champagne*, it is fairer than the fairest of *Lady*.

The casting leaves little to be desired. Leslie Caron shows a perfect transformation from gawk to gorgeous. Louis Jourdan has dark good looks, and the Mesdames Gingold and Jeans make a delicious pair of schemers.

But, without any doubt, this is Maurice Chevalier's film. At a ripe old age he give the performance of his career. Every inflection in the voice, every twinkle in the eye, bring Uncle Honore magnificently to life. What a superb artist this man is. He " stops the show" almost before it has begun, sitting, mark you, on an iron seat in the Bois de Boulogne and singing the wickedly-witty *Little Girls* number.

It is Chevalier's complete performance that tends to throw some of the other songs a little off-balance ; for all Loewe's *Sprächgesang* style of writing, Miss Caron and M. Jourdan are not always fully at ease.

The whole show has been saturated in period by the Cecil Beaton design. The gaudy richness of Maxim's, the fussy frills in Aunt Alicia's saloon, the lace-lined bath, the plush and the ospreys . . . oh, the excess, it's bound to succeed.

And, at last, one is left with private delights —Gigi getting drunk at Auntie's wine-tasting class ; the beauty queen's attack of hay-fever when presented with the bouquet ; or Chevalier's touching, *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore*.

If I have left producer Freed and director Minnelli until the end, it is because this is primarily Lerner and Loewe's creation. Producer and director have assured more than adequate interpretations of the writers' intentions, and presented the whole show with such style and complete lack of vulgarity that *Gigi* is true to the best of cinema art form. Quite simply, it's unique. **P.G.B.**

THE LAST HURRAH

Directed and Produced by John Ford. Screenplay by Frank Nugent, based on the novel by Edwin O'Connor. Director of photography, Charles Lawton, Jr. Art director, Robert Peterson. Editor, Jack Murray. Assistant directors, Wingate Smith and Sam Nelson. A John Ford Production. American. Columbia. Cert. U. 122 mins.

Frank Skeffington, SPENCER TRACY ; *Adam Caulfield*, JEFFREY HUNTER ; *Maeve*, DIANNE FOSTER ; *John Gorman*, PAT O'BRIEN ; *Norman Cass, Sr.*, BASIL RATHBONE ; *The Cardinal*, DONALD CRISP ; *Amos Force*, JOHN CARRADINE ; *Sam Weinberg*, RICARDO CORTEZ ; *Cuke Gillen*, JAMES GLEASON ; *Ditto Boland*, EDWARD BROPHY ; *Roger Sugrue*, WILLIS BOUCHEY ; *Bishop Gardner*, BASIL RUYSDAEL ; *Delia*, JANE DARWELL ; *Gert*, ANNA LEE ; *Hennessey*, WALLACE FORD ; *Festus Garvey*, FRANK McHUGH ; *Mr. Winslow*, CARLETON YOUNG ; *Jack Mangan*, FRANK ALBERTSON; *Degnan*, BOB SWEENEY ; *Norman Cass, Jr.*, O. Z. WHITEHEAD ; *Frank Skeffington, Jr.*, ARTHUR WALSH ; *Kevin McCluskey*, CHARLES FITZSIMONS ; and *Mrs. McCluskey*, HELEN WESTCOTT.

FOR American critics, the main point of interest in *The Last Hurrah* seems to have been the resemblance between Edwin O'Connor's best-seller hero, Frank Skeffington, and real-life ex-Mayor (recently deceased) James Michael Curley, of Boston. Curley was reputed to be a charming, fraudulent rascal with a prison record, where Spencer Tracy's Skeffington is merely roguish, irresistible Grand Old Man, who robs the rich to give to the poor. Hence a certain derision of the film in the American press ; and O'Connor's insistence that Skeffington is entirely fictional seems only to have exacerbated this derision. Over here, at any rate, there is little likelihood of debate along any such lines. As in Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *The State of the Union*, the film's chief interest for British audiences (who have probably never heard of Curley) is more likely to be the interesting light that it throws on American domestic politics.

Like the book, Frank Nugent's urbane and yet rather sentimental screenplay, tells the story of Skeffington's last campaign for Mayor. It suggests, along the way, that the bad old days when political machinery was oiled with Irish blarney are perhaps not so dead and were not so bad after all. Indeed, there is no doubt whatever where director John Ford's sympathies lie. Skeffington's henchmen are such a loyal, warm-hearted, disarming band of leprechauns, that the other camp has a hard time characterising its appolectic villainy with an equally forceful blast of caricature. Thanks to a marvellous cast of veterans, they come out about even. In Spencer Tracy's corner : Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, Edward Brophy, Ricardo Cortez and—at the eleventh, deathbed hour—Donald Crisp in a most distinguished performance as The Cardinal. In Snob Hill's corner : Ku-Klux-Klan newspaper editor John Carradine (" too mean to buy his own sheet ") and poker-faced banker Basil Rathbone. Snob Hill's candidate is a pliable, witless young war hero with an attractive, stupid wife, four unattractive, stupid children, and a hired dog that barks all through his TV election speech.

Spencer Tracy plays with that intimate and hypnotic assurance to which his Katharine Hepburn films long ago accustomed us. And there is a devastating cameo from Jane Darwell of a Professional Mourner at an unforgettable

funeral wake that slowly turns into a political rally. Hovering about the film's saner patches are Jeffrey Hunter, affectionately watching over his Uncle Skeffington's decline and fall, and Dianne Foster as his wife. Thanks to such enjoyable and sympathetic playing from the entire cast, and to the smooth and careful surface of John Ford's slightly academic direction, the woolly didacticism and faintly absurd solemnity at the film's core is most entertainingly camouflaged.

This is, in fact, a director's film, and a Ford film at that: one that takes command, has the grand manner, the grip of unmistakable authority. It sets its sights too high, and it protests, methinks, too much. But it still manages to obscure its weaknesses by sheer magisterial quality, and—like the best of Ford, or Capra, or George Stevens—it makes a positive virtue out of superficiality.

PETER JOHN DYER

THE BIG COUNTRY

Directed by William Wyler. Produced by William Wyler and Gregory Peck. Screenplay by James R. Webb, Sy Bartlett and Robert Wilder. Adaptation by Jessamyn West and Robert Wyler. From the novel by Donald Hamilton. Director of photography, Franz F. Planer. Art director, Frank Hotaling. Edited by Robert Belcher and John Faure. Music by Jerome Moross. American. United Artists. Technirama. Technicolor. Cert. A. 165 mins.

James McKay, GREGORY PECK; *Julie Maragon*, JEAN SIMMONS; *Patricia Terrill*, CARROLL BAKER; *Steve Leech*, CHARLTON HESTON; *Rufus Hannassey*, BURL IVES; *Major Henry Terrill*, CHARLES BICKFORD; and *Buck Hannassey*, CHUCK CONNORS.

WYLER has never been a darling of the highbrows, as has John Ford, perhaps because he makes films for too wide an audience. Ford, at his best, holds a tight rein on his emotions. Wyler, at his best, is the opposite. He gushes emotion like Tchaikovsky: but Wyler's work is no less significant than Ford, than Tchaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony is less significant than Mozart's Jupiter.

In *The Big Country*, Wyler has composed another "symphony" like *Friendly Persuasion*. He plays brashly with the emotions, painting the characters and action with bold strokes; but the West *is* big, big enough to accommodate such a heart-on-sleeve technique without the final effect being either too sentimental or too sensational.

The allegory of *The Big Country* is timely. Major Terrill and Rufus Hannassey, ranchers, are bitter enemies because they both covet Big Muddy, the well-watered land between their ranches. Terrill runs his prosperous outfit like a Fascist dictator. Hannassey runs his less prosperous community like a Communist dictator. In between, owning Big Muddy, is the woman figure, Julie Maragon . . . the Marianne of France.

James McKay is a stranger from the East; a quiet, truth-seeking figure of Peace. He reject's Terrill's hospitality (and the hand of his daughter) because he disagrees with the old man's principles. He rejects the outward signs of toughness, of masculinity, by rejecting a public challenge from Terrill's jealous foreman; but, in private, the two men physically exhaust themselves by fighting through the night. "Just what does it prove?" asks McKay, as he turns away, disgusted.

But the Peace figure makes his mark. He goes unarmed into the Hannassey ranch at the moment when violence is reaching its climax. There he so humiliates the old man's cowardly son that the old man turns against him. As the opposing sides close in for battle, the influence of the peacemaker is felt as Terrill's trusted foreman, for the first time, turns against his tyrannical boss.

We are left with the men of both sides putting down their guns and watching, in silence, as the two dictators, Hannassey and Terrill, blaze out openly, destructively, at each other, till both collapse, crosswise, over the other's dead body. The people of the Big Country are at peace again.

BIG ONE: William Wyler's story of the West, The Big County, *stars Charlton Heston and Gregory Peck.* *Photo: United Artists*

Wyler hits home the moral with clear, bold composition that pushes the story on with pace. He is helped by an admirably balanced acting team, all of them slightly over-playing and just preventing the broad comedy, the high drama, the sentimentality, from sprawling into a hopeless, kaleidoscopic hotch-potch.

There is no "star." Peck, Simmons, Baker, Heston, Ives, Bickford, all carry their share of the drama. Not one part has been "written in," a weakness of so many Hollywood star "vehicles."

Franz Planer has caught some wonderful shots of the West; and there is a distinguished music score from Jerome Moross.

At a time when Westerns are either hack or just plain nasty, it is good to welcome such an honest, wholesome and vastly entertaining picture as *The Big Country*.

P.G.B.

ALIVE AND KICKING

Directed by Cyril Frankel. Produced by Victor Skutzky. Screenplay by Denis Cannan, from an idea by William Dinner and William Morum. Art director, Robert Jones. Director of photography, Gilbert Taylor. Editor, Bernard Gribble. Music by Philip Green. British. Associated British-Pathe. Cert. U. 95 mins.

Dora, SYBIL THORNDIKE; *Rosie*, KATHLEEN HARRISON; *Mabel*, ESTELLE WINWOOD: *MacDonagh*, STANLEY HOLLOWAY; *Matron*, JOYCE CAREY; *Russian Captain*, ERIC POHLMANN; *Birdwatcher*, COLIN GORDON; *Solicitor*, JOHN SALEW; *Old Man*, LIAM REDMOND; *Old Woman*, MARJORIE RHODES; *The Lovers*, RICHARD HARRISS and OLIVE McFARLAND; *Postmistress*, ANITA SHARP BOLSTER; *Postman*, PAUL FARRELL; and *Policeman*, PATRICK McALINNEY.

THIS is a comedy from the same stable as *It's Great to be Young*. It might well have been called *It's Great to be Old*. For this is a story about three elderly ladies who, refusing to end their days in one of those frightening twilight boarding houses, run away to find adventure. What better ladies for such a caper than Mesdames Kathleen Harrison, Sybil Thorndike and Estelle Winwood. There's more life in every one of them than Elvis-this, Tommy-that, or Terry-what's-his-name.

It takes some courage on the part of a producer to embark on a problem film, particularly if the problem concerns that large section of the population too often regarded as "has beens." Unfortunately, the courage wanes. The moral (which, presumably, is that elderly people should be helped to enjoy an active and useful life, instead of being pushed aside into the pathetic scrap-heaps called "homes") gets lost, partly because the story sets off in too many directions, and partly because the humour leans too much towards sentimentality.

It is the story-line which is the main weakness. When the old ladies run away and get lost in a speedboat, they are rescued by a Russian trawler. For a moment it seems that the central theme is to be the international shenanigans caused when the Russians mistakenly think the old ladies want political asylum; but, instead, the story plunges us on to a deserted Irish island where (with the help of an Irish-born American, played by Stanley Holloway), the old ladies eventually set up home and a thriving hand-knit business.

Nevertheless, the film has its heart in the right place. The idea is as fresh as was *Genevieve* in its day, and we wish it the same international box-office and prestige success.

P.G.B.

MARDI GRAS

Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Jerry Wald. Screenplay by Winston Miller and Hal Kanter. Songs by Sammy Fain and Paul Webster. Music supervised and Conducted by Lionel Newman. Director of photography, Wilfred M. Cline. Editor, Robert Simpson. American. 20th Century-Fox. Cinemascope. Eastman Colour. Cert. U. 104 mins.

Paul Newell, PAT BOONE; *Michelle Marton* CHRISTINE CARERE; *Barry Denton*, TOMMY SANDS; *Eadie*, SHEREE NORTH; *Tony Runkle*, GARY CROSBY; *Curtis*, FRED CLARK; *Dick Saglon*, RICHARD SERGEANT; *Torchy*, BARRIE CHASE; *Sylvia*, JENNIFER WEST; and *Ann Harris*, GERALDINE WALL.

IT is rather sad that the director of such notable films as *Grand Hotel* and *The Old Maid*, should have his name on the credits of such a shapeless, cliche-ridden musical as this. The film's most illuminating aspect is the parody of the 20th Century-Fox publicity organisation, which, if the film cloakes even a grain of truth, exists primarily to create engagements, love-tangles and divorces. (Never a word about *talent*, mark you!)

From which you will gather this is another behind-the-scenes story of a starlet's rise to fame. This time the starlet is French (played by Christine Carere). The men in her life are cadets at a Military Academy. At times, Messrs. Pat Boone, Tommy Sands and Gary Crosby (a promising debut this) seem set on so much high-life, both in and out of Military Academy, that I suspected a better title would be *End as a Wreck*.

But, doubtless, the film will please the teenagers. It is harmless fare; and at least it has no pretentions.

P.G.B.

HOUSE OF LOVERS

Directed by Julien Duvivier. Produced by Robert and Raymond Hakim. Screenplay by Henri Jeanson, from Emile Zola's *Pot Bouille*. Art director, Leon Barsacq. Director of photography, Michel Kelber. Music, Jean Wiener. Sound, Jacques Carrere. French. Gala Film Distributors. Original title, *Pot Bouille*. French dialogue. English sub-titles. Cert. X. 118 mins

Octave Mouret, GERARD PHILIPE; *Caroline*, DANIELLE DARRIEUX; *Berthe*, DANY CARREL; *Auguste*, JACQUES DUBY; *Marie*, ANOUK AIMEE; *Madame Josserand*, JANE MARKEN; *Bachelare*, HENRI VILBERT; *Clotilde*, CLAUDE NOLLIER; *Duveyrier*, JEAN BROCHARD; *Hortense*, DANIELLE DUMONT; *Theophile*, JACQUES GRELLOT; *M. Josser*, OLIVIER HUSSENOT; *Fanny*, MICHELE GRELLIERT.

HOUSE OF LOVERS is a return to Ophuls' *La Ronde* . . . a thoroughly charming, occasionally wickedly witty return. Directed by Julien Duvivier, whose work in recent years has produced nothing of great significance, this film adaptation of Zola's *Pot Bouille* traces the fortunes of the familiar rapscallion whose fortune is his technique with women.

Whereas Ophuls often shows a heavy, gaudy style in putting the various species of love under a microscope, Duvivier has the lightest of touches and the softest of focusses.

His is the viewpoint of the remarkably sane, looking at and unravelling the mess that mere mortals get into when struck by a mischievous arrow from Cupid's bow. What Duvivier

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looks at he shows enormous affection for.

House of Lovers tells how Octave Mouret (Gerard Philipe) arrives penniless in Paris at the turn of the century, to take up a counter-assistant's job in a drapery store run by Danielle Darrieux ; how he manages to escape from a marriage of no-convenience with a charming minx (Dany Carrel), hopefully engineered by her socially-conscious bourgeois mother (Jane Marken), but still keep the girl as his mistress ; and how he finally wins the wife of his choosing, and a good business along with her.

Occasionally, *House of Lovers* reminds one of Arnold Bennett's *The Card* ; Zola's Card, however, ends an unchanged man.

Duvivier has an alert eye for period, and his evocation of Paris of the 1900s is splendid in its observation of manners and morals ; if not through Zola's eyes, we at least have a rare, delightful and inoffensive entertainment.

DEREK CONRAD

BACHELOR OF HEARTS

Directed by Wolf Rilla Produced by Vivian A Cox. Screenplay by Leslie Bricusse and Frederic Raphael. Photography, Geoffrey Unsworth. Art director, Edward Carrick. Editor, Eric Boyd-Perkins. Music, Hubert Clifford. A Julian Wintle-Leslie Parkyn Production. British. Rank Film Distributors. Eastman Colour. Cert. U. 94 mins.

Wolf, HARDY KRUGER ; *Ann*, SYLVIA SYMS ; *Hugo*, RONALD LEWIS ; *Adrian*, JEREMY BURNHAM ; *Conrad*, PHILIP GILBERT ; *Tom*, CHARLES KAY ; *Robin*, JOHN RICHARDSON ; *Aubrey Murdoch*, ERIC BARKER ; *Dr. Butson*, MILES MALLESON ; and *Morgan*, NEWTON BLICK.

IT is twenty years since a Yank (in the person of Robert Taylor) went to Oxford ; but the idea of the impact of English University life on an alien freshman is still a promising one. This time the University is Cambridge, lovingly photographed in Eastman Colour ; and the freshman is a young German on an exchange scholarship. He becomes the unwitting victim of a group of undergraduates who form an exclusive club known as the Dodos. Their antics cause him a lot of trouble, but, true to tradition, he emerges on top. In fact, he is responsible for restoring the Dodos to their respective girl friends after an exhausting evening at the May Ball. Meanwhile, he has secured an attractive English girl for himself, and taken a first-class degree.

The jokes are neither new nor subtle, and the wit is spread very thinly indeed. All the young players have good looks and charm, and they are supported by two vintage performances from Eric Barker and Miles Malleson as a couple of dons. Mr. Barker is distressingly Redbrick for Cambridge, but Mr. Malleson would grace any high table in the land.

A thoroughly enjoyable romp, as long as you like to recognise your gags a long way off. But if it is champagne you want, stay away. This is good honest cider.

BRENDA DAVIES

THE SQUARE PEG

Directed by John Paddy Carstairs. Produced by Hugh Stewart. Screenplay by Jack Davies, Henry Blyth, Norman Wisdom and Eddie Leslie. Photography by Jack Cox. Art director, Maurice Carter. Editor, Roger Cherrill. Sound editor, Les Wiggins. Music by Philip Green. Assistant director, Bert Batt. Executive producer, Earl St. John. British. Rank. Cert. U. 89 mins.

Norman Pitkin, NORMAN WISDOM ; *Mr. Grimsdale*, EDWARD CHAPMAN ; *Sergeant Loder*, CAMPBELL SINGER ; *Lesley Cartland*, HONOR BLACKMAN ; *Henri Le Blanc*, BRIAN WORTH ; *Captain Wharton*, TERENCE ALEXANDER ; *Colonel Layton*, JOHN WARWICK ; *General Hunt*, ARNOLD BELL ; and *Gretchen*, HATTIE JACQUES.

FOR five wonderful minutes, a monocled and sabre-scarred German General entertains a blonde mezzo-soprano named Gretchen by accompanying her at the piano in a Wagnerian duet. The General is Norman Wisdom,

GAY TIME : Wolf Hauser (Hardy Kruger), determined to participate in all aspects of life at Cambridge, finds that Rugger can be a pretty rugged game. Bachelor of Hearts *is a gay, lighthearted comedy about life at Cambridge University.*

Photo : Rank Organisation

the Brunhilda, from whose outsize toe-less shoes he slops champagne all down her ample bosom, is Hattie Jacques, and the incongruity of the scene strikes a golden note of genuine parody. The rest is as flat as Essex.

Our Norman (or, possibly, your Norman, for I hesitate to lay any claim to him) is a road-mender recruited into the Pioneer Corps and parachuted by mistake into German-occupied France. Wandering into the nearest town for sugar, he finds it in the person of Secret Service Agent Honor Blackman, masquerading as an oh-la-la ! French waitress. He also discovers that General Schreiber, the Area Commandant, is his double—a happy coincidence that enables him to engineer the escape of an Allied group of Resistance men awaiting execution. Does the theme strike you as tasteless ? Actually the question barely arises, since the whole thing is so desperately witless that one needs a Burroughs Adding Machine to count the whiskers on the chestnuts. Norman impersonating a W.R.A.C. and flirting with the Sergeant. Norman holding an upright hypodermic needle for the Sergeant to back his posterior on to. Norman losing his pants. Norman and three other scriptwriters boring—as you may have gathered—the pants off me.

PETER JOHN DYER

AUNTIE MAME

Directed by Morton DaCosta. Screenplay by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, from the novel by Patrick Dennis. Director of photography, Harry Stradling. Art director, Malcolm Bert. Music, Bronislaw Kaper. Editor, William Ziegler. Costumes, Orry-Kelly. Set director, George James Hopkins. Assistant director, Don Page. American. Warner Brothers. Technirama. Technicolor. Cert. A. 143 mins.

Auntie Mame, ROSALIND RUSSELL ; *Beauregard Burnside*, FORREST TUCKER ; *Vera Charles*, CORAL BROWNE; *Mr. Babcock*, FRED CLARK ; *Patrick Dennis*, ROGER SMITH ; *Lindsay Woolsey*, PATRIC KNOWLES ; *Agnes Gooch*, PEGGY CASS ; *Patrick Dennis as a boy*, JAN HANDZLIK ; *Gloria Upson*, JOANNA BARNES ; *Pegeen Ryan*, PIPPA SCOTT ; *Mrs. Upson*, LEE PATRICK ; *Mr. Upson*, WILLARD WATERMAN ; *Brian O'Bannion*, ROBIN HUGHES ; *Norah Muldoon*, CONNIE GILCHRIST ; *Ito*, YUKI SHIMODA ; *Sally Cato*, BROOK BYRON ; *Mrs. Burnside*, CAROL VEAZIE ; and *Acacius Page*, HENRY BRANDON.

AUNTIE MAME, Patrick Dennis' fictional relative, was the required reading of America, where she reigned between the covers of Mr. Dennis's hilarious book for a grand total of 160 weeks. Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence transferred Auntie to Broadway, where she packed them in for a year and a half. Betty Comden and Adolph Green had the very pleasant chore of preparing Mame for the bright lights of the movie camera.

Before turning an evil eye towards the screen version, it would be a good idea to take a closer look at the original Auntie. Auntie Mame Dennis is part *grande dame* (she could easily be taken for one of Lady Bracknell's daughters, as long as Lady Bracknell was played by Edith Evans). She has the scatterbrained vitality of a Betty Hutton crossed with the *comedie noire* of Hermione Gingold. She delights in debunking anything that is conservative, suburban, pompous or pretentious. She is not very accomplished at doing anything . . . but she tries to do everything. It makes no odds what she does as long as she is her devastating self. And her now famous philosophy is, " Life is a banquet, and most poor sons-of-bitches are starving to death."

That is Mame on paper. What of her on screen ?

Rosalind Russell, in her first screen role since her neurotic spinster in *Picnic* and re-creating her Broadway role, almost manages to give a faithful rendering of Mame. Almost, but not quite. She has the exuberance, the wit and the charm, but her screenwriters have not transferred the crazy situations of the book into anything like crazy scenes for the film . . . and Mame thrives on *situations*. They have also given her a streak of sympathy, and sympathy to an offspring of Lady Bracknell is pure suicide. Although I have not seen the play, I suspect that Comden and Green borrowed more from the stage than the book. There is the ring of theatricality about every character that diminishes the stature of Auntie. Agreed, they have gone into the open with an amusing hunt sequence, in which Mame rides side-saddle on a horse that should have been destroyed two years before. But in the book it was the interplay of character that made this sequence riotous, not merely Mame's equestrian ability.

Mame on screen, however, comes dynamically into her own in the latter part of the film. Betty Comden and Adolph Green then let go any restraining reins, and Mame becomes *Mame*, outrageously debunking some dreadful *nouveau-riche* (or as near *nouveau-riche* as you can get in America) suburbanites, whose snotty-nosed Park Avenue daughter is out to catch Mame's nephew. When Mame hosts a dinner-party at her dreadfully *moderne* apartment, her repulsive guests are fed rattlesnake canapes to be washed down with a cocktail that flames like high-grade petrol, while continually haunting the far corners of the room is Mame's pregnant secretary Agnes Gooch, muttering something about being a wronged woman. Pure joy, and worth every penny of admission.

Morton DaCosta makes an auspicious debut as film director on *Mame*. His handling of action is not yet fully cinematic, but his direction of players leaves nothing to be desired. The film richly follows Auntie Mame's fluctuating whims for colourful decor and fabulous costumes with Harry Stradling's brilliant Technirama-Technicolor camerawork.

DaCosta also deserved credit in getting over the humorous side of the death of Auntie Mame's husband (Forrest Tucker—at last off a horse !)—amusing, thank goodness, instead of mawkish.

Deserving honourable mention among Mame's supporting players, are Fred Clark, a delightful portrait of a stuffy bank trustee ; Joanna Barnes, who is ad-mass to a " t " as Manhattan's gift to suburbia ; England's Coral Browne, making her film debut as a madly " dahling " actress ; and Peggy Cass, being horribly drear as Agnes.

Life *is* a banquet . . . why not save yourself

from starving to death by letting a little of Auntie Mame's recipe for living rub off on you ?

DEREK CONRAD

SUMMER WITH MONIKA

Directed by Ingmar Bergman. Produced by Allan Ekelund. Script by Anders Fogelstrom. Director of photography, Gunnar Fischer. Music by Eric Nordgren. Svensk Filmindustri. Swedish. Mondial. Cert A. 97 mins.

Monika, HARRIET ANDERSSON ; *Harry*, LARS EKBORG ; *Lelle*, JOHN HARRYSON ; *Monika's father*, AKE FRIDELL ; *Her mother*, NAEMI BRIESE ; *Harry's aunt*, DAGMAR EBBESEN ; and *His father*, GEORG SKARSTEDT.

ALTHOUGH the second great epoch of the Swedish cinema began in 1944 with Alf Sjöberg's *Frenzy*, ten years elapsed before British audiences became aware of any such renaissance, when *Sawdust and Tinsel* reached our screens, followed by a trickle of later films from the same director. During that decade, Ingmar Bergman (who scripted *Frenzy*) directed twelve films, seen abroad but not here : and now Mondial Films are to be congratulated on their enterprise in making the last of these, *Summer With Monika*, available to us. It is a simple picture that tells us nothing very new, either about people or about Bergman. It is not even original. But those increasingly rare virtues—personal feeling, personal statement—are implicit in every shot.

Concentrating almost entirely on its two teen-age lovers, and dwelling somewhat artily on the affinity with nature and the elements, the film has its *longueurs* and rough edges. Visually, it is beautiful : Gunnar Fischer, the cameraman of Bergman's later works, gives the images of sea and sky, skerries and beaches, lit-up trams and sleazy backyards, all the lucid power of suggestion that one might expect. Yet, occasionally, Bergman's rhythm seems to falter, the images to be imperfectly assembled, the mood discontinuous. A warning chord of music suddenly concludes a perfectly non-committal little scene, and we are left wondering what precisely Bergman is warning us against. There are signs, too, of his impatience with the routine needs for exposition. The lovers meet and make plans with incredible alacrity, even allowing for the boy's loneliness and the girl's sexual appetite : and one is never quite clear how poor the boy is, nor entirely convinced by his convenient appropriation of his father's motor-boat. The character of the vicious, spiteful ex-boy friend is a complete puzzle ; the drunken old men at the start and finish of the story seem too arbitrary a device for suggesting a sordid, hopeless background ; and the hero's bullying by his workmates and employers is far too much of a good thing.

Fortunately, though, these are only minor blemishes, and the kind one must expect of a man who makes films to please himself. Certainly he has pleased me in the process. Every moment the lovers are on the screen, one is gripped by the analysis and the shock-power of Bergman's observation. Monika, personified quite remarkably by Harriet Andersson, is a fascinating study of a slut in the making—animal, sensual, uninhibited, lazy, promiscuous, highly-strung, chain-smoking, all lips and puppy-fat and dank, straggling hair. Harry, the errand boy, is an interesting extension of the director's obsession with innocent, betrayable, tormented young men : more accessible and less idealised than the usual Bergman juvenile, and faultlessly played (notably in the closing scenes of disillusion and fatherhood) by Lars Ekborg—a chunky, boyish, Swedish equivalent of the early Gérard Philipe.

There is an authentic, unsensational sexuality about this cruel love affair, for all its inclusion of such unfailing box-office attractions as nude bathing scenes and slow shirt-unbuttonings, that puts it miles above the ordinary run of schoolboy *erotica*. The fights, too, are

ERRAND BOY : Ingmar Bergman's early film, Summer With Monika, *has, at last, been given a British release. It is a Swedish idyll of a brief love affair between an errand boy (Lars Ekborg) and a girl who sells vegetables (Harriet Andersson).*
Photo : Mondail Films

pathetically clumsy in a way that is poignant and real. Throughout one is aware of a quality of human sensibility ; and the return of the lovers to the cold, grey city is full of the nostalgic poetry of lost adolescence and defeat.

In the drab, commonplace backgrounds of their homes and places of work, and in the spacious freedom of the Stockholm skerries, *Summer With Monika* finds an implicit reflection of the familiar story it has to tell. Familiar—but curiously haunting, even tragic, thanks to two brilliant young players : and with Bergman's strong sense of atmosphere to lend a discreet lyricism and grace to their performances, the film achieves a genuine individuality that is rare indeed for such a lightweight script.

PETER JOHN DYER

ROOTS OF HEAVEN

Directed by John Huston. Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck. Screenplay by Romain Gary and Patrick Leigh-Fermor. Based on the novel by Romain Gary. Music composed and conducted by Malcolm Arnold. Director of photography, Oswald Morris. Art director, Stephen Grimes. Editor, Russell Lloyd. American. 20th Century-Fox. Cinemascope. DeLuxe Colour. Cert. A. 126 mins.

Forsythe, ERROL FLYNN ; *Minna*, JULIETTE GRÉCO ; *Morel*, TREVOR HOWARD ; *Abe Fields*, EDDIE ALBERT ; *Cy Sedgewick*, ORSON WELLES ; *Saint Denis*, PAUL LUCAS ; *Orsini*, HERBERT LOM ; *Habib*, GREGOIRE ASLAN ; *Governor*, ANDRE LUGUET ; *Peer Qvist*, FREDERICK LEDEBUR ; *Waitari*, EDRIC CONNOR ; *Baron*, OLIVIER HUSSENOT ; *Major Scholscher*, PIERRE DUDAN ; *De Vries*, MARC DOELNITZ ; *Madiumba*, DAN JACKSON ; *Haas*, MAURICE CANNON ; *Cerisot*, JACQUES MARIN ; *Korotoro*, HABIB BENGLIA ; *Yussef*, BACHIR TOURE ; *A.D.C.*, ALAIN SAURY ; *N'Dolo*, ROSCOE STALLWORTH ; *Inguele*, ASSANE FALL ; and *Father Fargue*, FRANCIS DE WOFF.

THERE is something reassuring about Darryl F. Zanuck's production of *The Roots of Heaven*. It is good to be reminded that you can have a lively adventure story and some really provocative argument in one and the same film. This one comes from the Prix Goncourt novel by Romain Gary, which was anything but cryptic, and the film's special virtue is never to let your eye get so beguiled by the action that your ear loses track of the argument.

Admittedly, Gary's argument is simplified a bit, which was to be expected. Morel (Trevor Howard) is the ultimate in idealists. He would put mankind to rights, and nature as well. In the novel he inspired fellow prisoners-of-war to pick up small insects and set them on their feet when, by nature, they had fallen helpless on their backs.

The film dodges wartime flashbacks. Just as well, perhaps. It whittles away at the novel, but the whittling is neat. If a number of the points Gary made (often several times over) are gone, and certain characters have changed nationality to suit the actors engaged, there is still plenty left to argue about.

Morel is in Africa, defending the elephants against ivory poachers and big game hunters. He believes that to set mankind on its feet again in the nuclear age, it is necessary to tackle the problem at its roots. He sees the elephant as a symbol of liberty. The symbol is well chosen : " Elephants are the strongest creatures on earth, yet no animal fears them." And one of Morel's small band of companions, an elderly Dutch naturalist, underlines the theme : " Our need for justice, for freedom and dignity are the roots of heaven that are deeply embedded in our hearts."

To draw attention to his cause, Morel goes in for physical violence (applied to humans, that is), and burns buildings. The tale grows exceedingly controversial, and although the weight is all in Morel's favour, there is the occasional small voice piping up with a word or two worth pondering : " The killing will go on ; we have it in our blood." It's the kind of topic that breeds discussion and wrinkles brows.

John Huston has directed it with a firm control, but with none of the rich *Moby Dick* moodiness. Incidentally, what a contrasting notion to *Moby Dick* this is. Huston has done well, but I thought he could have allowed a few more views of the elephants roaming free and looking more friendly than they do in the startling close-ups that open the film. If we start with frightened elephants, somewhere we ought to see elephants as symbolic as Morel finds them. When we come near to that, the colour grows rather murky and a couple of awkward process shots break the illusion of Morel gazing with admiration on a vast, and rather purple, herd.

Elsewhere the African locations are as beneficial as you would expect, especially when the sun is shining bright. And the acting, except for one outstandingly histrionic African bit player, is first-rate.

Trevor Howard is precisely the man to play Morel. He gets all the strength and determination, with only the merest hint of fanaticism, and his voice ranges from quiet sincerity and sorrow to a poweful bellow of fury.

Juliette Greco, as a solitary soul who responds instinctively to Morel's cause, is more restrained than heretofore, and much the better for that ; her personality is so vivid that it requires no stress.

All the others are well-chosen, too, especially Flynn, Albert, Lukas, O'Connor, Aslan ; and Orson Welles, who has a brief but wonderfully boisterous part as a television commentator, wounded ignominously by gunshot in the seat of his pants just as he is about to embark on the greatest safari of all time, and so impressed by this injury that he regales the American television audience with his enthusiasm for Morel !

Such an excess, of course, acts as a kind of astringent to the high-powered idealism, as does the bitter intrusion of politics, when an African nationalist uses Morel to further his own ends. But the Welles' incident is very comic ; so are one or two others. Huston has kept this kind of humour from getting out of hand, just as he has cleverly balanced the vivid passages of action against the long and provocative passages of dialogue.

His control is most notable, though, over the threat of emotionalism, which in less cautious hands, could so easily have engulfed the story. To be sure, he has the asset of Howard's central performance, but the whole manner of the film is keyed first to the mind ; the emo-

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tional appeal is muted. For the subject, this is exactly right. If emotions ran amok, those elephants would look a bit foolish.

GORDON GOW

ANNA LUCASTA

Directed by Arnold Laven. Produced by Sidney Harmon. Screenplay by Philip Yordan, based on his own original stage play. Director of photography, Lucien Ballard. Editor, Richard C. Meyer. Production designer, John Poplin Jr. Music by Elmer Bernstein. Associate director, Irving Lerner. American. United Artists. Cert. A. 96 mins.

Anna Lucasta, EARTHA KITT; *Danny Johnson*, SAMMY DAVIS, JR.; *Frank*, FREDERICK O'NEAL; *Rudolph Slocum*, HENRY SCOTT; *Joe Lucasta*, REX INGRAM; *Theresa*, GEORGIA BURKE; *Eddie*, JAMES EDWARDS; *Stella*, ROSETTA LENOIRE; *Katie*, ISABELLE COOLEY; *Noah*, ALVIN CHILDRESS; *Blanche*, CLAIRE LEYBA; *Stanley*, JOHN PROCTOR; and *Lester*, CHARLES SWAIN.

STRIPPED of its pretentions, *Anna Lucasta* is another bad-girl film. Its main interest is that it presents coloured people as ordinary (well, almost ordinary) human beings in as medium other than music or comedy. But a review is no place to concern ourselves with the extent to which Hollywood film-makers are delivering a resounding slap in the face to people with Little Rock or Notting Hill mentalities.

Philip Yordan has written the screenplay from his own stage original and, in the process, considerably strengthened the dramatic structure. He has retained the best of his dialogue and given the characters far more freedom of movement.

The producers, with a wary eye to the box office, have cast Eartha Kitt as Anna, and Sammy Davis Jr. as Danny, the sailor who tries to drag her down to his level. Miss Kitt acts well; at times her performance is positively dazzling. But in the great emotional scenes, particularly her confession to the educated, wealthy Rudolph, who eventually makes an honest woman of her, her lack of acting experience lets her down. Davis gives the kind of performance that smells of the sea and too much hair oil, a more than adequate foil to the family drama.

Quite the best thing in the film, however, is Frederick O'Neal as the uneducated son-in-law, Frank. He never lets the broad comedy which he has to handle dwarf the humanity of the character and, in his scenes with the veteran Rex Ingram (as the head of the household), he out-acts the older man every time.

Arnold Laven directs without frills. Only once, when Anna is abduced on her wedding day by sailor Dan, does the camera become an active participant. Otherwise, Laven seems content to record and leave all interpretation to his artists.

The drama would have been more true to life if it was not so exclusively coloured. By the end one feels that the word "white" is almost taboo. The drawings with which the film ends would make ideal posters; but they are quite inappropriate in their present dramatic context.

P.G.B.

BLONDE FOR DANGER

Directed by Marc Allegret. Produced by Raymond Eger. Original screenplay by William Benjamin and Marc Allegret. Dialogue, Jean Marsan. Director of photography, Armand Thirard. Art directors, Alexandre Trauner and Auguste Capelier. Music, Jean Wiener. French. Mondial Films. English sub-titles. Cert. A. 106 mins.

Virginie, MYLENE DEMONGEOT; *Insp. Jean Morel*, HENRI VIDAL; *Police secretary*, DARRY COWL; *Olga*, BEATRICE ALTARIBA; *Pierrot*, ALAIN DELON; *Charlemagne*, ROGER HANIN; and ROBERT DALBAN; ANNE COLETTE; and J. P. BELMONDO.

BLONDE FOR DANGER is a good example of what's wrong with most French films these days. Beautiful photography by Thirard; a charmingly atmospheric score by Jean Wiener; some fine acting (notably by Gabrielle Fontan, but Vidal and Demongeot are quite adequate, and Darry Cowl is as amusing as ever); some well directed sequences (particularly the love scenes)—all this for a plot which is not only ridiculous but boringly, distastefully stupid from beginning to end.

When one see that the work of adapting this grotesque story necessitated the talents of Marc Allegret, Odette Joyeux, Jean Marsan, Gabriel Arout and Roger Vadim, one can only wonder why they all bothered. The film makes every effort to be up-to-date; but the only really contemporary note is the photograph of de Gaulle in the office of the police chief.

RICHARD ROUD

THE LITTLE ISLAND

Produced and directed by Richard Williams. Music by Tristram Cary. Cartoon British. Rank Film Distributors. Eastmancolour, Cert. U. 33 mins,

RICHARD WILLIAMS is a bright young boy from Canada who made his film the hard way—working late hours as a commercial television animator, and spending his earnings on filming *The Little Island*.

The picture has been shown at the Venice short festival (where it won the major award in its class), and was well received at the Brussels World Fair experimental festival. Now it has been nominated for an Oscar.

It is technically well made, inventive and puts over its moral (that hate and disillusionment breed even in the midst of Good, Truth and Beauty) in a delightfully gay style. Williams may not love preaching; but he preaches with love.

A worthy rival to the Bardot picture with which it opened at London's Curzon.

P.G.B

THE DEFA STORY

21st January — 8th February

Founded in 1946, the D.E.F.A. Company won international renown with their very first film, THE MURDERERS ARE AMONGST US, This film, THE BLUM AFFAIR and MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS were universally acclaimed as symbols of the rebirth of the German cinema.

This short three-week season will not only include these films, but also examples of D.E.F.A.'s latest production.

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Films and Filming . . . . . IN BRITAIN

MAKING THE PACKAGE LOOK BRIGHT AND GAY

By **JOHN VINCENT**

I REPORT a strange new trend in the film industry—modesty. Producers, traditional buttonholers of anyone in sight who will listen to (*a*) what they have just completed, or (*b*) what they are doing now, or (*c*) what they are going to do in the future, are strangely quiet for the most part about their plans.

It's a modesty borne of necessity, of course. Producers in many cases have found they just can't take anything for granted. Over the past twelve months the scene has completely changed.

One leading independent producer put it this way : " There was a time when if I had a good script, I could say with almost a hundred per cent certainty, I was going to make it into a picture.

" But not now. Today it's necessary to make the whole thing into a package and go along to the distributor, armed with a director and most of the top casting lined up. Its success depends purely on how brightly coloured is the package."

Loose Talk

All of which makes it difficult to give an assessment of British production trends with any accuracy.

There has been much loose talk about " only pictures for the international market " and blockbuster productions with mammoth budgets.

Only comparatively few producers, however, have translated these shots in the air into firm production plans. A survey shows producers will still be relying on modest budget comedies and filming pre-sold favourites like successful stage plays and novels.

Fox and Rank are among the majors who will be pinning much of their faith in big money. Rank is making half-million pound epics like *A Gentleman's Gentleman*, *Ferry to Hong Kong*, *North West Frontier* and *The Nightcomers*. But, at the same time, it is not forgetting smaller budget attractions, mainly comedies ; and this year's schedule includes an Anne Heywood—Kenneth More comedy called *Upstairs and Downstairs*, a new Norman Wisdom subject and a film of the Royal Ballet. The first Frankie Vaughan subject to be made at Pinewood, *Give Me the Moonlight*, is also under way.

Alec Guinness—on this month's British Cinema number cover—was given a Knighthood in the New Year Honours. There was another notable award to the Cinema . . . C.B.E. for the veteran actor George Relph, who gave such a moving performance as the old-timer in *Davy* (directed by his son, Michael Relph).

All in all, Rank looks like following the mixture as before, with the addition of selected " blockbusters."

Two Follow *Inn*

Twentieth Fox, no doubt encouraged by the overwhelming success of *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, will follow up with at least two productions on the same scale.

The first will be Danny Angel's *South by Java Head*, It is based on the book by Alistair Maclean, who wrote *The Guns of Navarone* (another high budget subject to be produced by Carl Foreman) and is a war adventure story of the sea. It has an Indonesian background, and will be shot extensively on location.

John Brabourne, who produced *Harry Black* for Fox, will also make *Sink the Bismarck* for them. C. S. Forrester has already scripted this story of one of the most daring naval actions of the last war.

Other titles on the Fox schedule for this year are *Double Image*, based on Roger MacDougal and Ted Allen's West End stage play ; *The Juryman*, from a story by Donald Mackenzie (he wrote the story *Nowhere to Go*) ; *The Reward*, a suspense story which will be filmed in South Africa and Tony Bartley's long awaited *The White Rabbit*, which is the life story of Yeo Thomas, the World War II spy.

Carl Foreman, incidentally, has two further subjects to make for his Open Road company in addition to *Navarone*. One is *The League of Gentlemen*, which Bryan Forbes is scripting from the John Boland novel of the same name, and *Holiday*, a colourful subject for location in Italy.

Disney will make *Swiss Family Robinson* his big British picture of the year, and it will be shot in Technirama-70 or Panavision 65, which he has already used in *The Big Fisherman*. Ken Annakin, who directed *Third Man on the mountain*, will direct.

Another Disney British production will be *Greyfriars Bobby*. Based on Eleanor Atkinson's book, it will be filmed in Edinburgh, where this classic dog story was originally set.

Monsters Depart

Fascinating trend in Hammer's 1959 programme is that monsters, which have ousted the Vicar as Bray's local institution, will be out.

Executive producer Michael Carreras says he will rely on more traditional thriller backgrounds for any chills he wants to produce.

The programme has opened with *Yesterday's Enemy*, described as a " true war story never before told on the screen, and unlike any war story ever previously filmed." It will be for Columbia (this company recently bought a 49 per cent share in Bray studios), and tells of a handful of men in the Burmese jungle. It will be made on much the same scale as *The Camp on Blood Island*.

Again for Columbia will be *The Horrors of Thuggee*, based on the true-life (?) story of W. H. Sleeman, a young British army officer, who wiped out the cult of Thuggeee, or religious murder, which was widely practised in India more than a hundred years ago.

Pashernate

A Bernard Bresslaw comedy follows, with the uniquivocal title *Mad Pashernate Love*.

Comedy figures prominently in most producers' plans, incidentally, and Hammer's second funny subject will be produced by Henry Halstead, who made *Up the Creek* and *Further Up the Creek* for them. It is untitled as yet.

The company returns to drama with *Brat Farrar*, which Paul Dehn has scripted from Josephine Tey's novel. This has a background of English horse shows, and will be in colour.

Sixth on the list for Columbia will be a colour re-make of R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Finally comes a subject for Universal-International, a new version, in colour, of *The Mummy*, which was originally made in the early 'thirties.

There will be extensive development at Bray Studios this year, including a new stage. But such is the volume of work which Hammer will be undertaking, it may be necessary to rent outside studio space.

Another independent with an ambitious

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Elementary, my dear . . . .

With the production by Hammer Films of a new Technicolor version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic thriller, *The Hounds of the Baskervilles*, Sherlock Holmes is back in the news. Portrayed by Peter Cushing, he returns to the screen, after a twenty years' absence, in the fifth film version to be made of the famous story of the Dartmoor " Hell Hound " and the Baskerville family which lived under its curse.

During the past 50 years, Sherlock Holmes has appeared in 120 films—silent and talkie. And in that time many famous actors have portrayed him.

Here, in the historic portrait gallery above, are some of the eminent actors who have played the great detective during the past 40 years.

1. The late Ellie Norwood as Holmes in the first screen version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, made in 1921 at the old Stoll Studios in Cricklewood, London. Of him Anthony Howlett, film historian of The Sherlock Holmes Society, says : " His physical resemblance to Holmes was uncanny. His personality was so powerful that he compelled your attention even when he was completely inactive on the screen."

2. The late John Barrymore in the first major Holmes picture made in Hollywood. The year was 1922, and the film was entitled *Sherlock Holmes* in America, and *Moriarty* in Britain. Howlett comments : " The character of Holmes was changed to suit the romantic Barrymore personality. And for some inexplicable reason, the film had a prologue dealing with the detective's youth and college career."

3. Clive Brook in the first Sherlock Holmes talkie—*The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, made in Hollywood in 1929. " Excellent actor though he was," says Howlett, " Mr. Brook bore little facial resemblance to the detective. This was the film's main fault."

4. Raymond Massey in the 1931 British version of *The Speckled Band*. " Very bad casting," Howlett recalls. " He looked no more like Holmes than James Cagney."

5. Arthur Wontner in the 1934 British version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. " A first-rate actor with a strong physical resemblance to the character," says Howlett. " Easily the best Holmes up to that time."

6. Basil Rathbone in the 1939 film of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, made in Hollywood. " His Holmes made quite an impact," says Howlett. " Physical resemblance and performance were excellent though not, perhaps, quite in the Arthur Wontner class.

7. Peter Cushing (inset) as Sherlock Holmes in the new Hammer film of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, directed by Terence Fisher. " The greatest Holmes of them all," is Howlett's verdict.

Person of Promise **BARBARA STEELE**

BARBARA STEELE was born in Liverpool in 1938. She was educated in an ultra-modern school where pupils could do as much as they liked. "The headmaster bought a lot of glider plane noses—and we had to sleep in them," she recalls.

Playwright George Bernard Shaw gave a large sum of money to the school—and its theatre was one of its most attractive amenities. The pupils wrote and produced their own plays. Barbara took part. But her main interest was art.

She studied painting and sculpture in London and the Sorbonne, Paris.

When she returned to England she went to one of London's little theatres to get a job painting scenery. The director of a leading repertory company was in the theatre at the time. He took a good look at Barbara, and decided that she should be facing an audience instead of a backcloth. He introduced her to an agent—and within weeks she had been tested and signed on by the Rank Organisation.

Then she did a year of training in acting, voice production, singing and dancing.

In 1958 the Rank Organisation gave her her first chance—in *Bachelor of Hearts*, a comedy about undergraduate life at Cambridge. It stars the German favourite, Hardy Kruger.

When Barbara went up to Cambridge on location for the film she took with her volumes of Hegel, Proust and Freud.

She still paints for relaxation.

She is tall, with an eye-catching figure and dark hair.

What did she do in the theatre? The name part in *Salome*, with the Amberley Players in Stroud, then, for some months in the Brighton rep. She appeared in *Bell, Book and Candle* with the Citizen's Theatre company in Glasgow and—to complete a starlet's first steps—was on TV in *Dial 999*. Now, at 21 years of age, she is all set to make her career—as a star.

Photo: Rank Organisation

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programme is George Minter. His first this year will be a naval mine disposal story called *This Time Tomorrow*, followed by the screen version of Robin Maugham's *The Rough and the Smooth*, the story of a notorious woman who plans to ruin a young scientist. Robert Siodmak will direct, and the picture is due to start early next month.

Further subjects include *Operation Bernhard*, which is set for July. It is a true story, and tells of an elaborate plan by the Nazis to forge £80,000,000 worth of British bank notes in a secret room of a concentration camp, the plan being supervised by a woman who has spent her working life in British banks. This will have a location schedule in Germany, Switzerland and Portugal.

Cockney Sailor

Producer Minter has also bought the screen rights of Gillian Freeman's *The Liberty Man*, the romance between a Cockney sailor and a school teacher, and plans to make a comedy based on an original idea by novelist Edward Hyam.

As if confounding all this talk of international stars and lofty budgets, comes Peter Rogers' *Carry On* series. The first of the series, *Carry on Sergeant*, had the most amazingly successful reception at the box-office, and the team of producer Rogers and director Gerald Thomas plans to carry on these unpretentious comedies which rely largely on audiences recognising and identifying themselves with the characters and situations.

Carry On, Nurse, has recently been completed, and *Carry On, Teacher* is to be made next month. Further titles include *Carry On, Regardless, Carry On, Constable* and *What a Carry On.* (What a carry on the cinema has come to !)

Several stage plays are to be filmed this year.

John Woolf, who resigned from British Lion late last year, will make *Friends and Neighbours*, based on the comedy play at Victoria Palace.

Sydney Box, who recently formed a new production company, will make six features this year, has bought the screen rights to *No Concern of Mine*, a *Look Back in Anger* type play running at the Westminster Theatre.

John Osborne's *The Entertainer* will be filmed at ABPC Elstree, and Stanley Donen will come to this country to make *Once More, With Feeling*, the Harry Kurnitz Broadway success. This is the lighthearted story of an orchestral conductor, to be played by Yul Brynner, and his love for a female harpist.

Once More, With Feeling will be Donen's first picture for Columbia under his new three picture deal with the company.

John Baxter will make two comedies this year—*All at Sea*, featuring the Royal Navy, and *The Stars Look Up*.

Says Baxter: "The accent in these films is on comedy, but as an attraction for younger picturegoers, I am including a proportion of light musical entertainment."

George Brown plans to use Tommy Steele in *Mathew the Matador*, and has also acquired the screen rights of the Ruth Park award winning novels, *Harp in the South* and *Poor Man's Orange*.

Maurice Cowan is also banking on comedy this year, and has bought three subjects, in each of which he plans to feature a prominent comic.

Dirk's Liszt

Dirk Bogarde has at long last agreed to make a picture in America. He will play Franz Liszt in Foray Films' life story of the composer, tentatively titled *The Genius and the Lady*. Before that, however, he has a picture to make in this country for M-G-M. Its title: *Libel*. I only hope the Liszt picture will be more successful than other Hollywood attempts at screen biographies of great composers—who will forget those Chopin and Wagner excursions?

Dr. Paul Czinner, who made the film of the Bolshoi Ballet, is to make a feature film of the Royal Ballet, featuring Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. Shooting with eleven cameras began, at night, in the Royal Opera House, during January.

Hollywood Review

by Clayton Cole

RAOUL LEVY is to produce three films for Columbia—all in France, two to star Brigitte Bardot. They are *Babette Goes To War*, with Gerard Philipe and Brigitte Bardot; *Les Regattas de San Francisco* (Claude Autant-Lara will direct); and another subject to star Bardot and to be directed by Georges-Henri Clouzot.

Hoot Gibson, one of the screen's early western stars, returns to films for a role in John Ford's *The Horse Soldiers*.

Walter Wanger's first feature film under his new 20th Century two year producer contract, will be a top-budget film *Cleopatra*, based on the Carlo Franzero novel, *The Life and Times of Cleopatra*, for which he holds the film rights.

George Jessel has acquired the rights to make a film about the life of Ben-Guiron, the Israeli Prime Minister.

The third film that Yul Brynner's Alciona independent company will make, will be *The Nabob*. James Poe is writing the screen-play from the novel by Alphonse Daudet. Paul Radin will produce.

JOHN HUSTON is to produce the Rudyard Kipling story *The Man Who Would be King* in Afghanistan.

Jennifer Jones is to star in two Selznick productions, both for 20th Century-Fox. They are *Mary Magdalene* and *Tender is the Night*.

The Jules Verne story *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* is to be produced by 20th Century, in association with Joseph M. Schenck.

Richard Burton is to play Burt Lancaster's brother in *The Unforgiven*. Lillian Gish has also been cast.

Fredric March and Kim Novak co-star in Paddy Chayefsky's *Middle of the Night*, based on his Broadway play. The film is to be made in New York, with Delbert Mann directing for Columbia release.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS has been given the lead in the film versions of two musicals, *The Boy Friend* and *West Side Story*. Her salary will vary from 300,000 to 500,000 dollars for each picture.

Bing Crosby is to play the role of a parish priest (again !) in 20th Fox's *Say One For Me*. Cast includes Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds. Crosby will also do *The Bachelor's Baby* for 20th Fox, a Dick Powell production of Gwen Davenport's novel—to start mid-1959.

John Sturges is to direct *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*, Gary Cooper starrer for M-G-M.

Lewis Milestone is to direct *Oceans II*, made under Frank Sinatra's Dorchester Productions banner, for Warner Brothers' release.

Joshua Logan will produce *Fanny*, the Broadway musical, for Warner release.

Columbia is seeking unknown talent for *The Beach Boys*. Some title !

Brando is now to make his directional debut on *One Eyed Jacks*.

Clark Gable has star role in Shavelson-Rose's next Paramount production, *Bay of Naples*, to be filmed in Italy.

Twentieth Fox has feelers out for Marlon Brando and John Wayne to pair up in *Baton Rouge*, and negotiating with Deborah Kerr to star in *O Mistress Mine*.

Otto Preminger has acquired the screen rights to *Bunny Lake is Missing*—psychological suspense novel by Evelyn Piper.

Brando is to co-star with Anna Magnani in *Orpheus Descending*, a Martin Jurow—Richard Shephard production for U.A. release, of the Tennessee Williams' play. Sidney Lumet directs.

HOLLYWOOD AT WORK

The candid camera takes a look on the sound stages as the film city completes work on some of its big 1959 productions.

TOP LEFT : Star Anthony Quinn pauses for coffee and a doughnut during work on The Buccaneer *over at Paramount. Between mouthfuls, Quinn answers some of producer Henry Wilcoxon's queries.*

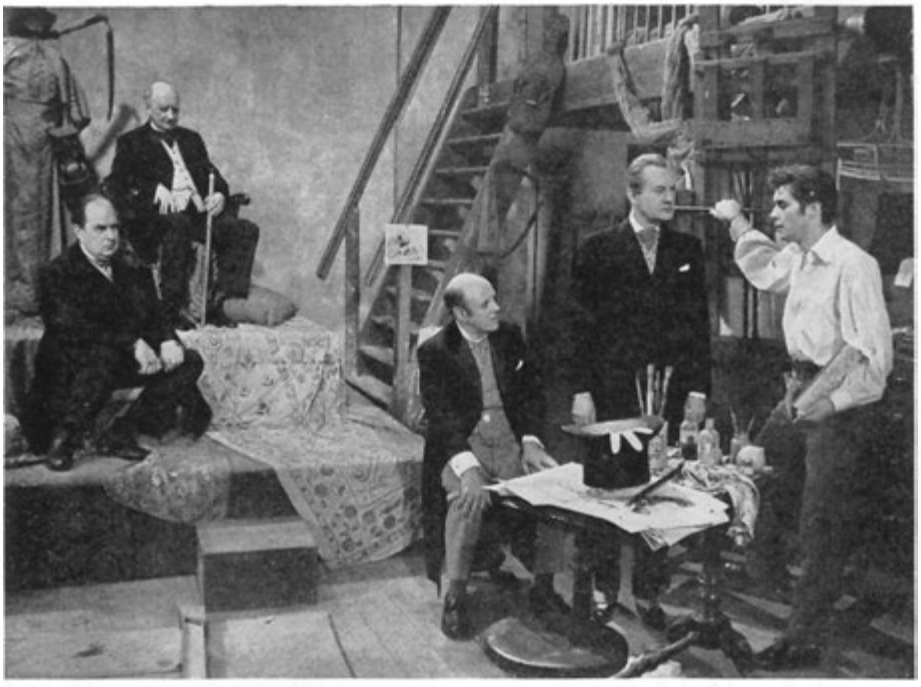
TOP RIGHT : Veteran James Cagney (he is featured in next month's FILMS AND FILMING*) sits patiently for publicity pictures during location for Universal-International's* Never Steal Anything Small, *a waterfront musical.*

CENTRE LEFT : Night attire for Paul Newman as he discusses his next scene for Rally Round the Flag *with co-star, at 20th-Fox, Joanne Woodward.*

CENTRE RIGHT : Director Billy Wilder talks to his new "leading lady" . . . Tony Curtis. Some say Some Like it Hot *will be a real scream. However you like it, Wilder is out to entertain.*

Photo : United Artists

BELOW : Jim Backus recording the Magoo voice and Kathryn Grant dubs the princess for the accompanying scene from the first Magoo full feature, Magoo's Arabian Nights. *Photo : Columbia*



DEFENCE: Questioned on his amorality, painter Louis Dubedat (Dirk Bogarde) defends himself to doctors (l. to r.) Sir Ralph (Robert Morley), Sir Patrick (Felix Aylmer), Cutler Walpole (Alistair Sim) and Sir Colenso (John Robinson). A moving scene from Anthony Asquith's direction of the Shaw play, The Doctor's Dilemma. *Left.*

LAST MOMENT: Distraught, Jennifer (Leslie Caron) tenderly caresses her dying husband (Dirk Bogarde). Another scene from Asquith's The Doctor's Dilemma, *which will be seen shortly.*

Photos: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

SHAW—AND THE DEVIL TO PAY

from page 15

was so small owing to language limitations, Shaw had apparently not bothered too much about the conditions of the contract. Hence this free version. It emerged later that behind the *cordon sanitaire* that was drawn between ourselves and the film activities of the Nazis, there was also a German *Pygmalion*, whether free or not I do not know. The scenario was by Heinrich Oberlander and Walter Wasserman. It was directed by a certain Erich Eugel and starred Jenny Jugo.

I think it must have been the Dutch film that led to that phenomenal person, Gabriel Pascal, bursting on to the scene and blowing himself up into a world figure.

The story of how Pascal talked Shaw into letting him, Pascal, produce a film of *Pygmalion* in English, a language his own command of which was hardly Addisonian, has already reached the status of Legend. The facts were told to me by the only other person who was present.

Pascal arrived in London, broke, a situation to which he was transcendentally philosophical. He went to see an agent about his idea. It was the agent who told me the story. They rang up Shaw at Whitehall Court about an appointment. The Sage himself answered. First surprise. Yes, he would see them. This gave the two enquirers their second surprise. Pascal thereupon borrowed a pound from the agent to buy a clean collar and some lunch. The meeting took place.

I have said that Pascal's English was hardly Addisonian. One word he did know was the operative word of the play in question, which he used with a gay abandon that must have dazzled the author who himself would be handicapped by not knowing its equivalent in Hungarian.

Pygmalion—Great

It seems that Gabriel Pascal conceded that George Bernard Shaw was a Pygmalion-great playwright but he, Gabriel, was a Pygmalion-great film man. Shaw knew all about plays and nothing about films. (So ?) Pascal knew a lot about plays, but also all of films.

Up to this time, Gabriel Pascal had been known as a dealer in Continental films, a not unprecarious avocation of no lofty status. His only contact with English film production was in the murky waters of quota quickies.

There is something in the bravura type (Frank Harris, for example), to which G.B.S. responded. He took to Pascal right away, and a deal was immediately fixed. Thus, Gabriel Pascal from Hungary, who called himself a Gypsy, and insisted he was, became successor to Birkenhead-born Cecil Lewis as torch bearer of the Shaw message to the world in terms of films.

First of all there had to be a little formality. Mr. Shaw handed Mr. Pascal a pound note for him to repay the agent. From then on the Sage decreed all financial matters must be only between their two selves.

In the end, Shaw and Pascal and Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard between them presented a movie that made film history. It is said that when Shaw had finally been persuaded by Pascal to see the Berger *Pygmalion*, he had agreed that it was very good, but not his play. All the same he did ameliorate his previous rigid attitude which had killed *Arms and The Man* to considerable extent, and many would claim that the screenplay is better than the stage play. Whether or not it was great box-office while still retaining its Shaw integrity. John Maxwell, starkly incisive as always, found no mystery in the success of *Pygmalion* (as opposed to our reverse over *Arms and The Man*, although he would not mention that). He simply attributed the triumph to The Word. And, indeed, "Not bloody likely" probably got the loudest, longest sustained belly-laugh in all film entertainment.

Pascal picked *Major Barbara* for his next Shaw film. An unwise choice; Salvation Army stories have rarely been successful on the screen. Unwisely cast, too, in some cases. And directed this time, as well as produced, by Pascal himself, which was unwisest of all.

While the film was in preparation, I met Pascal for the first time. By chance. It was in the Bond Street offices of O'Brien, Linnet and Dunfee, and I was leaving when a door burst open and there was Gabbie. He stopped dead. His eyes shot fire, and he roared: "I want him for my film. Look at that face, that head." "What about the rest ?" was all that I could think to say.

Major Barbara took a very long time in the making, and cost over £200,000, which makes it sound, in these days, like a quickie. There came a point where the production company put Harod Boxall in charge, a man who had graduated from those distant days of Islington where he was studio manager, and where Alfred Hitchcock had still to make his first film, to the highest councils of the British film industry. He was now given full powers by the Denham Studio interests to bring *Major Barbara* to finality. Before this was achieved, he was asked slyly, how the picture was going to turn out.

"Well," was the diplomatic reply, "it will be a good film for Shaw lovers."

Some time later I wrote to Shaw asking whether there would be any possibility of discussing the film rights of *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet*, which I had always wanted to do. I added: "Now that the cinemas of the world have been made Shaw-conscious, I should like to feel that the pioneers of Elstree might try again."

This was the postcard reply: "I am afraid I am committed to Pascal for a production (in the U.S.) of *Blanco Posnet* and *The Devil's Disciple*. I hope the success of the *Pygmalion* film has convinced ABPC that I know a little about picture making after all."

Letter-Long Cables

When *Major Barbara* had, at length, been achieved to prove only a part-success, Gabriel Pascal forsook the English scene and burst upon Hollywood. Letter-long cables poured out his plans: he was to remake *Arms and The Man* with Clarke Gable; he was to make *St. Joan* with Greta Garbo, and I have been assured that this latter project was serious, but that the British Ministry of Information demurred at a film showing in war-time the English burning a French patriot. A tragedy that such an objection should have left the field open for Otto Preminger to do what he did later.

Gabrial Pascal leaving New York, having forsaken an indifferent Hollywood, was bound for London with a play, not a film, under his arm. I do not know what happened to the play. The next news was that he was going to make *Caesar and Cleopatra* for Joseph Arthur Rank. It was going to cost £500,000.

Fade Out and Fade In to—A sylvan scene on a lovely summer's evening.

Gabriel Pascal has invited me to see him with a view to joining him, and is showing me over his newly acquired estate, a smiling piece of Bucks. He is talking about *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Yes, he has decided to direct the film himself. Who else in England had sufficient authority to do so; who else in England could say to Vivien Leigh, "Vivien, I want you to . . ."

He expresses himself in startling, even shocking idiom: Gabriel has developed an addiction to conversational epatism.

Suddenly he sweeps his arm towards the horizon. There he is going to build a theatre, in that meadow with the woods behind; right there in the open country. Like Glyndebourne, one muses. He answers the unspoken thought. "Better than Glyndebourne."

Back to the film. He would, "of course," spend more than the allotted £500,000 on *Caesar and Cleopatra*, probably another quarter of a million. I reflect ruefully that I had not spent more than a total of £750,000, even when we were making thirty pictures in a year.

Below us, a field of pedigree cattle (all his) are ruminating. We are ruminating.

Does he think of the future ?

Of *Caesar and Cleopatra*, that he was "going to finish in the autumn"—which he was not to finish the following winter or spring or summer ?

Of the budget which was to swell beyond £750,000, and then to and beyond the million.

Of his "promise to Arthur" that he would prove that those who talked against him were wrong ?

Gabriel Pascal breaks the silence. "Every one of those cattle," he says, pointing, "is worth more than a Hollywood film star." I look interrogation. "Because," says he, replying to the unspoken why, "because they are pure."

Sphinx to Egypt

With this solemn thought we retrace out steps along the rolling road that rambles through this Hungarian piece of English shire, and go our separate ways, his to take him, at long last, to the sands of the desert, the sands of Egypt, bearing with him his own Sphinx, made in England. And at that even the grave Pharaohs can hardly have foreborne to smile.

Caesar and Cleopatra was probably the most expensive flop on record (although it was run pretty close by another film at the same time, about which much less was said, this being a musical, *London Town*, which cost as much and had no merit whatever). As I was, mercifully, not involved, I have no intimate knowledge of what went on during the nightmare fantasy of *Caesar and Cleopatra* on the floor. One observer told me that never had she imagined it could be possible for an actor to talk to his director as did Claud Rains (that strange choice for Caesar) to Pascal. "Arthur" topped that. He told Pascal that he was not his idea of a producer and not his idea of a director, but he might be of some use in publicity. The Association of Cine and Allied Technicians topped that. They would not allow Pascal to function again on the floor of any English studio. I cannot recall a film trade union ever before taking such drastic action. So far as this country was concerned, our Hungarian genius had had it.

Shaw, however, still held to his faith and so, once again I impinged on the Shaw scene when Pascal asked me to join him on *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which he "was going to do for Korda." Korda did not have the same idea. But the affair showed me what Hollywood could do with Shaw if they were given the chance: I was shown a script which had been written by an ace Hollywood writer, who simply had not even tried to present the play in its true values. It was not just a matter of giving it maximum visualisation; he had to improve it as well, very far from my motives when I clashed with Shaw fifteen or more years before. Ridgeon, for instance, was given a huge Rockefeller-like clinic, with swarms of nursing lovelies gliding along endless shiny corridors. That sort of thing. But Shaw was

alive—and that was death to the script. One day Shaw would not be alive.

I realise how right the author was to be so exacting in his conditions. After all, why film Shaw at all unless you are going to present what he wrote, subject always, of course, to the exingencies of the adaptation. Nobody *has* to film Shaw. One felt that vultures were only waiting for him to die to show the world what they could, and would, do to the plays when they had the chance.

Marjorie Deans, Gabriel Pascal's scenario editor, was called upon to produce another and authentic script of the *Dilemma*, and I was invited to work with her. We wrote the script, and both of us liked it. So did Shaw. And it was good cinema, too.

Nothing happened. Then came *The Devil's Disciple*, and again I found myself happily working with Marjorie, and this time we were more than pleased, but proud of our draft highly cinematic screenplay, with its new scenes and new dialogue by Shaw. Nothing happened.

Now Pascal had another Big Idea. He would go to Ireland and found a film industry there. He went. Marjorie and I went with him, and Irish Screen Art was duly formed in association with Bernard Shaw, whose contribution was to include *St. Joan*. The Dublin partners were distinguished men in their own setting: Arthur Cox, solicitor, — Robinson, leading architect, Capt. Shott, big accountant, Dan Breen, patriot (Irish), who boasted to me of the number of Englishmen he had shot, and had in his home where he entertained me royally, or republically, pictures of Wellington, Napoleon and Hitler; finally Father Cormac, of the Franciscan Order, without whom Gabriel would take no step. We took an option on Shangannah Castle for our studio. Nothing happened. Gabbie's extravagant talk, meant to impress, simply frightened our keenly eager Irish friends off. "This is a little country," one of them said to me, "he could ruin it."

Off to the States

Once again Gabriel Pascal went off to America, and at last got into production and achieved *Androcles and The Lion*, which had also been on the Irish Screen Art schedule. Pascal's intention was to use some huge Colosseum sets left over from an Italian epic called *Fabiola*, made by Unitalia, with whom we had some association. I thought this was wrong—that the factor of realism should not be stressed. This, however, is exactly what Pascal did in Hollywood, and I readily admit I found the film good. Pascal had pulled it off—unless we give the credit to Chester Erskine, who directed and also wrote the script, which was a genuine transcription of the play done with understanding. Between them they got together a fine mouth-watering cast: Alan Young, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, Reginald Gardiner, Jean Simmons.

All the same, the film was a failure.

Then came the death of Pascal, following that of Shaw. I remembered what he once said to his benefactor: "You will be a saint and a prophet. I do not know myself whether I shall achieve reincarnation, or how. Therefore I have no time." Less time than he realised, the poor man.

So now the field was open to the improvers, except that Shaw had taken the step of safeguarding his affairs by leaving them in the hands of the Public Trustee who, in turn, appointed the Society of Authors as his agents. Between them they devised conditions intended to ensure the integrity of the author's work as to text, and the highest quality as to production. Yet there was that film adaptation from Hollywood of *The Millionairess*.

Fortunately *The Millionairess* was not made, and we may hope it never will be . . . like that. But *St. Joan* was.

The fact that he had made a robust, rowdy version of *Carmen* in black, which was technically brilliant and a box-office sensation, following an equally expert and successful essay in blue (*The Moon is Blue*), would not necessarily qualify Otto Preminger, one thinks, as screen interpretor of Shaw's greatest play. Evidently it did not.

Next on the list were Asquith's *The Doctor's Dilemma* and Guy Hamilton's *The Devil's Disciple*. As to the former, the presence of Anthony Asquith, who must have had a decisive influence in the success of *Pygmalion*, guarantees integrity. Before production began on *The Devil's Disciple*, I asked someone prominently associated with it, whether he knew about the new scenes and dialogue Shaw had himself written? He did not; nor did the producers. And they never enquired, so far as I know. They were busy with their own new dialogue.

Re-written Shakespeare

Someone said, "We've re-written Shakespeare, why shouldn't we re-write Shaw?"

And then came the published boast of the producers that they were injecting sex and love-making into the film.

POSTSCRIPT.—How is it going to be ensured that these things do not happen to all the Shaw films that are going to be done? It is an impressive fact that although every Shaw film up to and including *St. Joan*, has been a box-office failure, except *Pygmalion*, the market in his works is very active. Most of the best have already been sold—*Man and Superman, The Apple Cart, Arms and The Man, Mrs. Warren's Profession, The Millionairess* and *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet* (my dream gone).

Big money has been involved in these transactions, not only in cash down payments, but with a percentage of the gross (distributor's gross, not producer's as is normal).

Big money is not necessarily a guarantee of integrity. It could even be used by producers as an argument that no matter how true to the original they intended to be when they began, they were forced to trim their sails to box-office formulae, because of what the picture was costing.

WHAT MAKES BRITAIN LAUGH?

from page 7

can stop a film-maker treating a subject in dramatic rather than comic fashion. Provided one is neither libellous nor subversive, in the legal sense of the word, there are no Government powers that can prevent a free expression of opinion.

Tony Richardson has said that there are many subjects he would like to treat, but wouldn't be allowed to.

Ah, perhaps he means that the difficulty of persuading the distributor to give a financial guarantee for a film story about which they have commercial doubts. This, of course, is one of the difficulties that film-makers at all time have had to contend with. It is doubly difficult today, because film costs are so high, and the most modest effort is likely to cost a small fortune. We don't know the answer to this one, unless it is to provide every would-be film-maker with a course in super-salesmanship designed to break down the distributors' resistance, the actors' salaries and the existing wage structure within the industry. After that, he might take an additional and post-graduate course designed to get the public into the cinema!

The expose films, like On the Waterfront, *are a big box-office success in this country. Why do you not make this type of film?*

Indeed, if those sort of conditions existed in this country we think we would have jumped at the opportunity. We are living in a Welfare State which has very many virtues, but has gone a long way to eliminate those sharp disparities which breed conflict and violence—two important elements of drama. There is injustice, there is a degree of poverty, but the acute conditions such as existed when we were young men in the thirties, don't exist any longer. In America there is a latent violence that springs from the fact that they are still basically a frontier civilisation—behind the skyscrapers they still look for the Indians—and because of this it is more obviously exciting for a film-maker. We live in a steady, plodding, dull, monotonous and, to a large extent, cushioned world. And much that is exciting—apart from the Pools—seems to be taking place elsewhere, outside.

As a film-maker, I suppose you would like an American climate in which to work?

No, I think it would be too high a price to pay for one's films.

The American director of Auntie Mame *said he felt that he would hate to try a comedy on the screen without having the experience of doing it on the stage and knowing where the laughs are coming. You write original comedies for the screen. How do you know, by reading the script, the effectiveness of the comedy scenes?*

When writing a film script, you "see" it as you write. If the combination of word and action has you doubled up or rolling on the floor, when put on film it is likely to be funny—at least for you! This, of course, is no guarantee that it will be funny for an audience. There is also no guarantee that the scene, as written, will ever get to the screen in exactly the same form in which it was first visualised. There are a number of factors—actors, for example—which may result in differences between design and execution.

Brilliant comic actors, like Terry-Thomas, Ian Carmichael and Peter Sellers, bring their own special talents to anything they do. Frequently—but not always—what they do is better than what was written. This, then, may result in a scene being modified. After all, only a fool would fail to use gifts placed at this disposal.

It must be difficult for artists like Terry-Thomas and Ian Carmichael, who are used to an audience, to play to each other. Are they getting more used to film comedy? Have you trained them?

What we discovered very quickly was that comic actors with a deal of stage or variety experience usually sought, in the technical floor crew, a substitute for the audience to which they were used to playing. At the same time we discovered that lots of laughter on the studio floor was no guarantee of audience reaction to the finished film. In fact, it usually indicated the reverse. The actors were reaching out to the studio audience in the shadows behind the lights on the set, and giving what was really a stage performance. Funny on the floor, sad on the screen! For this reason we jump very hard on spontaneous laughter "on the floor." We insist on the artist giving his performance for camera and microphone only. This is a discipline that some find hard. However, we find it works for us.

Do you think that the Goon type of comedy—as on TV—is going to be more in evidence in British films?

As yet we haven't seen any on the screen. But we think we should like it if we did.

We see very little on television, apart from Test Matches, which, unhappily, only very rarely take on the quality of Goon humour. But we take it that Goon show comedy stems from the genius of the Marx Brothers, to which both of us have always been complete addicts. Have the Marx Brothers affected us? This is very hard to answer. Seeing Groucho for the first time is an experience that can only be compared to that of Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus: in a blinding flash you get knocked down, you get up and you are never ever quite the same again! But if what is savage and astringent in the Marx Brothers' comedy appeals to us very much, the idiom is certainly not ours.

Could you transfer that sort of comedy into the British idiom? Wouldn't the work of Perelman provide wonderful material for you?

We don't think so. There is a very special Americo-Cosmopolite flavour to Perelman's work and, if anything, our comic idiom is distinctively British. The only thing we have in common with the Marxes and Perelman is a dislike for cant, humbug and hypocricy.

Have your comedies sprung at all from the British comedies of the 'thirties?

Any connection could only be very remote. We never thought very much of British comedy in the 'thirties, we found it far too broad for our own taste. You see, our comedy is comedy with a social point, and in those days, for a film-maker to have a social point was as bad as having scarlet fever: you were left on your own.

Peter Sellers, who is a surrealistic type of actor, plays in Carlton-Browne of the F.O. *Have you brought him down to earth?*

If you mean by that, is he playing within the framework of the story, the answer is yes.

You say your cycle of comedies is coming to an end. Why?

Why not? By the time *I'm All Right Jack* is completed next year, we shall have done seven in a row. Enough's as good as a feast—at least, for the moment. As a matter of fact, our invasion of the comedy field was only a response to challenge: we were so tired of hearing, "Yes, the Boultings know their stuff, but they're so intense, too serious—no sense of humour!"

We treasure the story of Richard Attenborough, who had just come under contract to us, entering the Ivy shortly after the war and receiving a summons to the table of Noel Coward who, of course, had given him his first screen break in *In Which We Serve*. "I met your new bosses, Dickie," said he with a smile and a sibilant hiss. "Quite brilliant—quite humourless!" Noel Coward, for whom, by the way, we have an immense personal admiration, had seen our disregard for flippancy as an inability to enjoy fun. So general was this confusion in film-makers' minds that we decided to have a go. We found we could make as many points in comedy as in drama.

What are you thinking of as your next serious subject?

We've covered social drama, fantasy, the thriller, adventure and comedy. We haven't touched musicals. If we can satisfy ourselves with a sufficiently original form, this is probably our next film target.

Will it be an English musical set in England?

Very likely.

Have we the talent—composers, for instance?

Certainly. Take John Addison: here is a very brilliant young composer who, apart from numerous distinguished film scores, has already written two successful ballets, much theatre music, much music for plays (for instance *The Entertainer*) and the most original revue score in our time—*Cranks*. Here is a talented young man who is ideally fitted to the task of collaboration on a screen musical.

Is there still a market for original scripts? It seems to be the fashion to make films from books or plays.

We, personally, prefer to start with something thought out from the beginning in terms of the medium. This is not to deny that very effective movies can be made from stage plays as well as novels. Because the film is an industry as well as a sort of bastard community art, we shall always have a large number of producers who try to insure themselves against commercial failure by buying success in another field. Nevertheless, there is still a market for original works. After reading the screenplay of *The Man Upstairs*, written by a new writer, Alun Falconer, the board of British Lion Films not only immediately provided a distributor's guarantee which enabled the film to be made, but also put Falconer under long-term contract. So you can see, that at least one section of the industry is alive to the need for original film writing.

NEXT MONTH

LOOK FOR JAMES CAGNEY

in Michael Anderson's *Shake Hands With the Devil*, on the blue cover of the March FILMS AND FILMING, on sale February 16; and inside, **James Cagney** on his work in cinema. Among the month's top features are: How Hollywood is Breaking the Colour Bar, by **Sidney Harmon**, producer of *Anna Lucasta*; Czech Films Have Arrived, by director **Jiri Weiss**; Composing for the Screen, by **William Alwyn**; Putting Music in its Place, by **Richard Fothergill**; and Hot Guns and Cold Women, by **Frederick Woods**. Plus! Patterns of Cinema, No. 14—Rebels in Jackboots, by **Peter John Dyer**; a profile of Lerner and Loewe (the *Gigi* team); a special "Preview" of six aspects of the American way of life; a picture souvenir of Hollywood's view of contemporary Hungary, *The Journey*; new films reviewed; reports from the world production centres; National Film Theatre review; and all the regular features.

AT THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

Adolf—He's Still Tops !

THE populat thing to do at this time of the New Year is to look back on the past achievements of the year you, no doubt, drank away on the evening of December 31.

FILMS AND FILMING has given you a survey of the work of the National Film Theatre over the year, so I don't propose to discuss the programmes in detail ; but rather, to find out what you joined the queues to see (from October 1957, to October, 1958).

The results of this box-office survey are fascinating. In the National Film Archive series on Mondays and Tuesdays, you found that *Triumph of the Will* was the most worth seeing, with *Battleship Potemkin* and *Grapes of Wrath* following in second and third positions respectively. *Will*, Leni Reifenstahl's patriotic documentary, made a more eloquent statement on Nazism than any amount of words could do, and remains a remarkable historical document.

In the World Cinema series, the most successful film at the box-office was *Grand Hotel*, M-G-M's blockbuster of the 'thirties, while Vittorio De Sica's gentle masterpiece, *Bicycle Thieves*, occupies second place. In third position there are three films : Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, Cocteau's *La Belle et La Bete* and Sidney Lumet's recent *Twelve Angry Men* . . . which is staggering, considering that *Men* had only just finished a very full general release when it was shown at the N.F.T. in December, 1957.

The most popular season of the year proved to be The Golden Age of Comedy last March, when some of the best of Keaton was resurrected, together with W. C. Fields' *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break*, for which the original script was reputed to have been written on the back of grocery bills !

Filling the second position was the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Season, in which a film, representative of each year of the British Film Institute's existence was shown. I, myself, was not enthusiastic about some choices in the season, which just proves how wrong you can be !

The third most successful season was An Amazing Year, which was screened just before Christmas, 1957. Among the films shown were *Marty*, *Bachelor Party* and, of course, *Twelve Angry Men*. All recent, all popular.

What of the programmes to come in the New Year ? D.E.F.A., the East German state film company, is the first of the New Year's World Cinema programmes. Among the films showing will be *The Murderers are Among Us*, *The Blum Affair*, *Genesung* (*Recovery*), and the Czech-German co-production, *Jahrgang* (*Born in* 1921). The controversial *Holiday on Sylt* will also be screened.

A happy event for admirers of the Boulting Brothers' work will be the special season devoted to their work, which begins, on February 11, with a premiere of their new film (and our Film of the Month) *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.* This will be followed by showings of *Journey Together*, *Thunder Rock*, *Fame is the Spur*, *Desert Victory*, *Brighton Rock*, *The Guinea Pig* and *Seven days to Noon*.

After the Boultings come the Italians with a two week season starting on February 25, which will take a look at Italian Cinema since the war, with screenings of *Terra Trema*, *Umberto D*, *To Live in Peace*, *The Overcoat*, *Angelina* and *I Vitteloni* among others. The season is timed to coincide with a new BBC-TV programme called *The Cinema Today*, which will take a three-quarter hour glimpse every month at the film industries of various countries.

March 11 will see the Polish Film School's short season commence with the showing of one of their new feature films, *The Night is Ending*.

March 25 sees the long-awaited Swedish film festival start its seven week run. Ingmar Bergman's new film, *Brink of Life*, will open the season, which will include his *Prison*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, *Sawdust and Tinsel*, *Hamstad*, *The Seventh Seal* and *A Summer Affair*. Also to be shown will be *Frenzy*, *Ordet*, *Giftas* and Suckdorff's *The Bow and the Arrow*. For reference—FILMS AND FILMING Swedish number, October, 1958.)

That is the future ,now a last look at one of last year's most satisfying seasons.

The longest roar in history, the three month " The Lion's Roar," proved that the M-G-M successes of yesteryear could still pull them in. Leo's policy of star-building was especially emphasised in the excellent season, and showed that the publicity blurbs from Culver City in 1930 still held more than a little truth in them in 1958, judging by the queues under Waterloo Bridge weathering fog, smog and cruel winter gales.

The big question the season left in one's mind, and which is impossible to answer, is : How many came to see the stars and how many to see the films ? An indication might be the poor attendance at pictures like Huston's *The Ashphalt Jungle* and Zinnemann's *Teresa*, both of which had a rough outing on their " commercial " release originally. Their stars : Stirling Hayden and Pier Angeli (respectively) obviously couldn't compete with Garbo, Taylor or Hepburn. But, on the other hand, it appears that their directors held no positive appeal either . . . odd ?

However, the " musicals " were a smash success. Whether it was the little-boy-lost look of Frankie Sinatra or the imaginative direction of Stanley Donen that appealed no one will ever know . . . I wonder if anybody cares. D.C.

THE MAN BEHIND AN ANGRY-YOUNG-MAN

from page 9

different conventions, and obviously it is preferable for any writer to think within the particular conventions of the medium rather than think in one way originally, and adapt it to another. Always in the theatre there is a trend towards greater stylisation of one sort or another, and stylisation to me almost always works against as utter a texture of life as I would like to have in the cinema.

There are, of course, films themselves which have been enormously stylised. Even great, great films that one admires enormously. But, finally, I have to admit that ultimately they leave me a bit unsatisfied. This is, of course, entirely personal, and maybe it is a special conflict within myself, both in the theatre and in the cinema, a strongly decorative image-making for its own sake which I love, but I think is ultimately unimportant.

I would like to go on doing the sort of subjects I am doing now. Subjects related to the world we are living in, the problems and the issues that are facing people in the society we are living in. I think films should be an immensely dynamic and potent force within society, and at the moment, have an especially polemic role.

In this same field I am going to make *City of Spades*, and then sometime, as an absolute opposite to all this, one really romantic love story with all the traditional trappings—country house, staircases, long hair and willow trees.

Not Allowed

Some people claim that there are many more vital issues worth airing in America—more so than in Britain. Nonsense ! It's just that they aren't allowed to be made here. The pressures against making these subjects is one of the really terrifying things about Britain. You would not be able to make a film on police brutality ; you would not be able to make a film on the state of the prisons ; you would not be able to be really honest with any controversial subject. You wouldn't be able t o make a real film about the British Army, or a real film about the Royal household. None of these things could be made in England, the pressures against them are too immense.

The Establishment is one such pressure ; all that is most staid and bound and stoic in British life, of which the censorship and the timidity of many British producers is just a part. But it isn't just the financial people, it isn't thinking within an industry : it is the whole insidious pile of the society we are living in.

Look Back in Anger and other hard-hitting contemporary dramas may lead the way for a better climate in British films. I hope they will.

That's all that one wants, and that is all that it is important to do : to change the climate, and all of us must do anything we can to help this in any way. There have been signs.

There has definitely been a change in the wind. The English Stage Company at the Royal Court has altered the whole scene in the theatre. Even the West End has reacted. The Haymarket may not have changed much, but nevertheless *The Flowering Cherry* is one of Binkie Beaumont's gestures to John Osborne. In the Free Cinema programmes at the National Film Theatre, there has been another sign. Not as complete in its reach as there has been in the theatre, but a portent ; and changes in the theatre, novel and in painting are also, in the end, bound to affect the cinema.

SHAPE OF THINGS PAST

from page 11

Powell and Emeric Pressburger. It was Junge who was responsible for the visionary *A Matter of Life and Death* and the tougher fabric of *Black Narcissus*.

Junge's work appears to have influenced producer-director Michael Relph, for Relph was working with Junge at Gaumont-British in 1932 . . . as an art department assistant. It is easy to overlook that Relph was an Ealing art director during those formative years 1945-6 (his work ranged from *They Came to a City* to *Champagne Charlie*) ; and it was Relph, as production designer and associate producer, who was responsible for that glorious Ealing " failure "—*Saraband for Dead Lovers*.

Paul Sheriff was another acquisition from the Continent (born, Paul Schouvaloff), with an engineering background and a natural flair for designing more in colour than in " line." After a number of conscientious Two Cities' films (*First of the Few*, *Freedom Radio* and *Demi-Paradise* among them), Olivier gave him the chance to design the sets for *Henry V*. His experiments with stylised backgrounds, based on the illuminated chronicles of the period, defied all accepted film conventions ; yet, to a major, or lesser degree, they were to influence each of the Shakespearian films that were to follow.

Romantic Production

John Bryan was an essentially British—and romantic —product. At sixteen, he was working for a firm of theatrical scenic artists, where he met Laurence Irving, whose work had a considerable influence on his style. (For some time Bryan was Irving's assistant, working in the secluded atmosphere of the Irving mill, at Whitstable.) Later, he was to assist on the vast *The Shape of Things to Come* project ; and when Gabriel Pascal asked Irving to design *Pygmalion*, Bryan became art director on the picture.

It was immediately after the war that Bryan's talent reached its maturity, notably with *Great Expectations* (for David Lean), in which was displayed an almost unprecedented harmony between art director and lighting cameraman (Guy Green). *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist* were the turning points in Bryan's romanticised style : and both of them were landmarks in British film design.

Two other essentially British products who contributed to these formative years were Alec Vetchinsky and Maurice Carter. " Vetch," as he is known around the studios, had studied at the Architectural Association, and got a job as assistant at the Gainsborough studios. His first major assignment was *Tudor Rose* and, since then, his name has appeared on the credits of over a hundred films, among them *Bank Holiday*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Kipps* and *October Man*.

Trained for Commerce

Maurice Carter trained as a commercial artist. He was Vetchinsky's assistant on Carol Reed's *Bank Holiday*, and was assistant on four more Reed films. He then became art director on many of the Gainsborough romantic melodramas, such as *The Man in Grey* and *Jassy*. His style was often the best thing in the picture.

Carmen Dillon, like Maurice Carter, is now working at Pinewood. Miss Dillon, born 1908, was art director for Fox-British from 1935-37. She was art director on *Unpublished Story* and *The Gentle Sex*, associated with Paul Sheriff on *Demi-Paradise*, *The Way to the Stars* and *Henry V*. More recently she was art director of *Richard III*, *The Browning Version*, *Importance of Being Earnest*, *Doctor in the House*, *The Iron Petticoat* and *Miracle in Soho*.

Present day economy in British films may limit what production designers and art directors would like to do ; it has not limited the style, skill and ingenuity with which they make the most of the artistic freedom, time and money at their disposal. Thanks to those vital, formative years, which gave world cinema a new sense of direction.

THEY FORGOT THE PUBLIC ALSO HAD INTELLIGENCE

from page 12

they are certain they will enjoy it, in accordance with their taste. In order to attract this 2½ per cent of the population, a cinema must keep the film for a very long time. People keep away until the word-of-mouth publicity starts its work. So it will be necessary to keep the film for the first eight weeks, maybe, *even if nobody goes to the cinema* !

But when the publicity starts working, the cinema will be filled up. It must be located (for psychological reasons) out of the centre of the cities. When this 2½ per cent of the population knows about the existence of an artistic film, then, and only then, will they go to see the film. The cinema is not to be larger than 800 to 1,000 seats and, in order to fill with this 2½ per cent, required to run the film for a period of a few *years*.

The " take " resulting is simply fantastic. In ten cinemas in North America, cities with a population above the one million mark, and in the six cinemas in Britain where the population exceeds 500,000 people, the profits realised from such a kind of exploitation would be very considerable. On the money accrued from this kind of exploitation of the film in only 16 cinemas in the English-speaking countries, it so be paid only the 20 per cent entertainments tax and, I would say, 30 per cent to the owners of the cinema who decide to run the film for a very considerable time.

Costs Repaid

The film would be already paying its cost from the selling of the rights in Europe to the ordinary distributors and it would be clearly stated, no money would be accrued to any other person before the cost of production had been completely repaid. The production costs would be very considerably lower because the people responsible for the production would be interested in sharing the profits rather than in realising fees, which only attract enormous taxes on income. The sharing of profits would be realised over a number of years (generally four years). The amount of money accrued by the people who accept this kind of profit sharing (which can only be realised if the " method of exploitation " is followed in accordance with my own personal method) would be much greater than the net income on a direct fee, and most probably would not be followed by heavy tax demands, because it practically becomes a capital gain.

This kind of " exploitation " cannot be achieved if there is a financial involvement by the distributor for the reasons I have explained above ; and especially from the very fact that distributors wrongly believe that they must handle many films simultaneously for covering their expenses. I say " wrong " belief because most distributors, not only in Britain, but throughout the *world*, are losing business because they stick to the so-called " box-office " subjects, which no longer interest the majority of people of mature intelligence, who are the only people interested in the kind of subjects which the " ordinary " producers do not make. And it is the " ordinary " subjects which are causing the desertion of audiences throughout the world.

The entire set-up of the business must undergo a very substantial and drastic change ; otherwise disaster is inevitable. I hope that these few considerations will give enough thoughts to the people responsible for this important industry. I have done my best to put, in a simple way, the reason of the logic which has accompanied my thoughts since 1942 !

Films and Filming . . . . . ABROAD

from Ginette Billard in FRANCE

FOR the fourth time, the Tours Festival has allowed us, under the luminous skies of Tourraine, to make a survey of the production of short films from all over the world.

The first conclusion that can be drawn from it is the extraordinary vitality of the French documentary school. The Loi d'Aide—a law which helps the finance of high quality films, and specially of quality short films, and which is presently threatened by lack of funds by the Ministry of Finance—has given birth to a school so brilliant and so clever, that one is even beginning to wonder whether over-cleverness is not bringing the French short film to a dead-end. Has witticism and brilliance not overpowered, in these attractive works, the poetry which is latent in them, and which sometimes bursts out, as though unwillingly, in some images of a film ?

International, for the first time in four years, the Tours Festival granted all its three prizes—for reasons mainly diplomatic—to foreign films. But it has witnessed the triumph of the French selection. Agnes Barda (*Du Cote de la Cote*, *O Saisons o Chateaux*, two anti-tourist films made on the pretext of showing the beauties of certain parts of France), Chris Marker, Alain Resnais are the leaders of this school which refuses to the visual the preponderance their talent could very well allow them to give, for the benefit of the commentary, whose very brilliance is prejudiced to the cohesion of the whole and prevents the spectator from enjoying it completely.

Newcomers as Rozier (*Blue Jeans*, an authentic essay on the discovery of today's youth), and Rappenau (*Chronique Provinciale*, a very skilful and discreet film financed by an insurance company) are welcome. And not so new talents as Jean L'Hote (already known for his work on television) with *Bains de Mer*, a ferocious satire of Mr. Everyman on a beach, and Jean-Jacques Languepin with *Les Hommes dans le Ciel*, a strange ballet of men falling down from planes and filmed during the time before they open their parachutes, made a welcome reappearance.

If the French documentary is full of life—if the Ministry of Finance will let it live—animation films seem to be preponderant abroad. I am not overlooking the only field where French animation has managed to survive : the commercial, where the invitation and the graphism of Etienne Raik, for instance, attracted much attention.

Czechs, Canadian, Yugoslavs and Rumanians have dominated the Festival by far. For instance, there was *Seven Arts*, which won the Grand Prix, crowned more for its delightful comical invention than for its slightly amateurish drawings, a witty poem on how men invented the seven arts to distract the attention of the dinosaurs, ready to eat them up, and most specially the sequence of the invention of architecture. And also McLaren's *Le Merle* and the Yugoslav *Un Homme Seul*.

The Jury Award was made to *Les Gestes du Repas*, a Belgian essay on the art of eating, where both the humour and the eating seem sometimes a bit heavy, but which may mark the beginning of a valuable film activity in Belgium. The Prize of Touraine, was awarded to *Gouttes et Bulles*, a purely technical film, remarkable for the beauty of its colour.

The Critics' Prize, invented most probably to repair some unfairness from the official jury's part, was granted to *Vivre*, a montage of shots taken from newsreels showing men in war, mostly civilians, victims of man-made destruction. The race had been severe between this film and *Du Cote de la Cote* (by Barda), but the critics apparently felt it their duty to reward an offensive and courageous work, although simply made rather than a witty demolishing of the myth of the Riviera.

To sum up these three days of uninterrupted screenings, we have been allowed a very constructive, if incomplete, survey of production of short films abroad, and we have witnessed an explosion of fireworks with the French selection, which we hope will not be a swan's song.

Award for Young Newcomer

The annual Suzanne Bianchetti award, which is given to a young actress who has made an outstanding debut in the cinema, has this year been awarded to Pascale Petit, who was seen in *Une Vie* (*One Life*), and is in *Les Tricheurs* (*The Cheats*). She is at present making *Faibles Femmes* (*Weak Women*) with Mylene Demongeot, and will soon be making *Julie la Rousse*. Previous winners of the Suzanne Bianchetti award include Annie Girardot, Marina Vlady, Odile Versois and Simone Signoret.

After trying his hand at being a ladies' hairdresser and a ladies' dressmaker, Fernandel has turned to a more serious profession : medicine. It is for his new film, Jean Boyer's *Toubib pour Dames* (*Ladies' Doctor*)—but have no fear, the picture will be far from serious, since it follows the course of Fernandel's popular comedy series.

They wrote the spine-chilling novel on which Clouzot's terrifying film *The Fiends* was based : Hitchcock adapted *Vertigo* from one of their books ; who are they ? Boileau and Narcejac, one of the most successful writing teams. And now they are writing their first screenplay, *Douze Heures D'Horloge* (*Twelve Solid Hours*), a taut thriller of two escaped convicts.

The success of the writing partnership would indicate that the two see each other daily to compare notes. But, in fact, one lives in Paris, the other in Nantes—and they do all their writing on the phone !

A new film which has recently started production, *Enigme aux Folies-Bergere* (*Mystery at the Folies-Bergere*), is noteworthy for its very distinguished director, Jean Mitry. For this gentleman, who has for years worked at only the most worthy of subjects, is a leading member of the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinematographiques, being in fact a professor, and lecturing on the history of the cinema. An enthusiastic worker in the more highbrow fields of the cinema, he has made several short films. One, inspired by Debussy's music, won him the Louis Lumiere Award 1952.

And now, the Professor is going to work in a Folies-Bergere setting, on a film whose acts includes several well-known strip-tease dancers. One in particular, Linda Romeo possesses her international pilot's licence, and recently wrote to President Eisenhower asking to be included in the first journey to the moon.

Jazz in motion pictures is no new thing : American films have been featuring leading musicians and composers for years, but it is only recently that contemporary jazz has formed an integral part of a picture.

In France, the first of these " jazz specials " was Vadim's *Sait-on-Jamais* (*When the Devil Drives*). Vadim asked John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet to compose the music, and the M.J.Q.'s theme music became one of the outstanding features of the film.

Then Louis Malle commissioned Miles Davis to provide the theme music for *Ascenseur pour L'Echafaud* (*Lift to the Scaffold*) ; Marcel Carne called on some of the leading soloists of " Jazz at the Philharmonic " for *Les Tricheurs* (*The Cheats*). Maurice Cazeneuve asked Claude Bolling to do the score for *Cette Nuit-la* (*That Particular Night*) ; and, finally, Yves Ciampi, even with his classical background, asked Andre Hodeir to provide the theme music for *Le Vent se Leve* (*The Wind Rises*).

Distinguished writer, man of letters, and passionate enthusiast for the cinema, Andre Bazin died, aged forty.

His background was literary, but Andre Bazin's love for the young art of films led him to a career connected with it. He was one of the outstanding film critics of our time ; lucid, erudite, constructive. His articles in some of the leading French papers, and the magazine *Cahiers du Cinema*, which he edited, were followed by an enormous public outside as well as throughout France.

The author of several books on the cinema, Bazin was writing a work on Jean Renoir when he died : he will be missed both by his many readers, and by everyone in the world he loved so well : the cinema.

SAMURAI : Akira Kurosawa's new Japanese film. Kakusri-Toride no san Akwnin (The Hidden Fortress) *marks a return to the samurai theme. It stars (left) Toshira Mifune.*

Photo : International Film Correspondence

from Masayoshi Iwabutchi in JAPAN

RECENTLY, the Ministry of International Trade and Industry issued a White Paper of Japanese Film Industry. According to this, the number of production of Japanese feature length films in 1957 reached 443, and this number seeme to be the top of the world. Among them, 58 per cent was the production for wide screen and 34 per cent were made in colour.

The number of audience in 1957 was 1,100,000,000 persons, each person viewed 12 films per annum, and the average entrance fee for each film is 75 yen.

The export of Japanese films to foreign markets increased since *Rashomon* was awarded the Grand Prix in 1951. It is expected that the total sum of export will reach about 2,000,000 U.S. dollars this year. In the early period, exotic films such as *Rashomon* were welcome in European countries, but now fantastic films as *Gozhila* or others become very popular, too. Besides, recently, such a film as *Rikishaman*, which expressed the customs and romances of Japan is successful in foreign countries.

As for the import of foreign films, the total number of imported films reached 30 per cent, while the home production occupies 70 per cent. However, in local cities and towns, the foreign pictures are not so attractive, as 230 cinema-houses which haye been exploiting foriegn films turned to the Japanese films last year.

Concerning the actual influence of TV to cinema, the Japanese cinema is not so influenced with TV now, but considering the influence of TV in U.S.A. and in England, the decrease of audience of cinema is expected in the near future, they must make a counter-plan with preparing the production of TV films or wide-screen films.

The whole production expenses in 1957 was calculated at 15,100,000,000 yen (about 42,000,000 U.S. dollars) and all the cinema workers including raw-film industry and machine production are 117,000.

Here is a list of some new Japanese productions which it is hoped by Japanese producers will be seen in the New Year in our rapidly expanding overseas markets :

Hadaka No Taiyo (*The Naked Sun*), the production of Toei Motion Picture Co. Ltd.

The director of this film, Miyoji Iyeki, whose *Ibo Kyodai* (*The Halfblood*) was awarded a grand prix at the International Film Festival in Karlovy Vary this year, filmed his first wide-screen film *Hadaka No Taiyo* at the Toei Studios.

This is a dramatic film which is based on the every day life of Japanese railway workers. In this film the story always goes on in their working places, but through this film the director showed the hard working young men and their humanistic feelings.

The screenplay was written by Kaneto Shindo, one of the most famous scenario writers in Japan who is well known for his *Children of Hiroshima*, while the camera was operated by Y. Miyajima. The film stars Shinjiro Ehara, who played a young hero in *The Men of the Rice Fields*.

Another " atomic bomb " film is also on the production schedules for next year. Called *Daigo Fukuryu Maru*, it tells the story of some fishermen who were harmed by radio-active H-Bomb dust after an American test at the Marshall Islands.

The White Snake Enchantress is a full-length cartoon film.

The Toei studio has been experimentally producing various animated films, including some of puppet films. However, it is really wonderful to have produced such a long cartoon film. The director, Taiji Yabushita, has been working on animated cartoon films for a long time. This story is based on a famous Chinese legend, and it was adapted by the director himself.

Akira Kurosawa's new film has been in production since the end of May, and it is still going on after six months. It is titled *Kakushi-Toride no san Akunin* (*The Hidden Fortress*) which becomes the first wide-screen film for Kurosawa. He has been planning the production of this film for three years. His idea of this production is to make a perfect entertainment film which will have dynamic effect of speed and thrill.

This time he again took up a background of the samurai more than four hundred years ago similar to that of *Seven Samurai*.

The script was written under the collaboration of Ryuzo Kikushima, Hideo Oguni, Shinobu Hashimoto and A. Kurosawa. It is said that its grand scale may be even larger than that of *The Throne of Blood*, and the element of entertainment is stronger than *Seven Samurai*, starring Toshiro Mifune, Kamatari Fujiwara, Minoru Chiaka, Takashi Shimura and a newly appeared actress Misa Uehara.

FILMGUIDE

Correct at time of going to press, but subject to alteration

West End Premieres

The Baited Trap : **Plaza** Feb. 20
Black Orchid : **Plaza** March 20
Carlton-Browne of the F.O. : **National Film Theatre** Feb. 11 (one night)
Gigi : **Columbia** Feb. 4.
The Horse's Mouth, **Gaumont, Haymarket** Feb. 4.
Room at the Top : **Plaza** Jan. 22
Separate Tables : **Leicester Square Theatre** Feb. 5
Thirty-Nine Steps : **Odeon Leicester Square** Mar. 12
Whirlpool : **Odeon Leicester Square** Feb. 19

Films in the West End soon : *Rally Round the Flag Boys* follows *Roots of Heaven* at the **Carlton**. Films to be shown at the **Empire** following *The Reluctant Debutante* (but not in order of presentation) : *The Doctor's Dilemma, The Journey, Party Girl, Some Came Running* and *The Angry Hills*. Films to be shown at the **Cameo-Poly** : *Fortunella* end-Jan. *Les Amants, Toi Le Venin, A Lift to the Scaffold, La Vie a Deux*. At the **Academy** : *Eve wants to Sleep* mid-Feb. At the **Warner** : *The Hanging Tree* early Feb. **Curzon** : *A Sunday Romance*.

General Releases

Jan. 19
A.B.C. *I Was Monty's Double/Cole Younger, Gunfighter*
ODEON *Bachelor of Hearts/The Secret Man*
GAUMONT *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad/The Hard Man*
Jan. 26
A.B.C. *The Old Man and the Sea/Girl on the Run*
RANK *Houseboat/Three Crooked Men**
INDEPENDENT *Mardi Gras**
Feb. 2
A.B.C. *The Reluctant Debutante/Underwater Warrior*
Feb. 9
A.B.C. *I Only Arsked/Buchanen Rides Alone*
Feb, 16
A,B,C. *Party Girl I Accuse*
Feb. 23
A.B.C. *Home Before Dark/Mail Van Murder*
RANK *The Roots of Heaven*
Mar. 3
RANK *The Big Country*
Mar. 30
A.B.C. *Auntie Mame*
RANK *Separate Tables*

* As from Sunday, January 25, there will no longer be separate Odeon and Gaumont circuits. Under the label "Rank" the major Odeon and Gaumont cinemas will be amalgamated into one circuit, and Odeons and Gaumonts of lesser importance will play films also booked to the leading independents (Granada, Essoldo and Shipman and King) FILMS AND FILMING'S "General Releases" will, from January 26, list only three circuits.

Repertory

Films of all nationalities, selected by FILMS AND FILMING as being of special interest to film enthusiasts, which are showing in the British Isles from Jan 15 to Feb 28. Figures in brackets indicate number of days showing.

London Area

AFRICA QUEEN (THE) **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 1 (4)
ALEXANDER THE GREAT **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 19 (3)
ANGELS ONE FIVE **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 19 (3)
ANIMAL FARM **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 19 (3)
APARAJITO **Chelsea** Classic Jan. 18 (4) **Baker Street** Classic Jan. 29 (3)
ARCH OF TRIUMPH **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 5 (3) **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
BABY DOLL **Chelsea** Classic Jan. 29 (3)
BACHELOR PARTY **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 15 (3)
BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK **Enfield** Rialto Jan. 25 (1)
BAD SEED (THE) **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
BEHIND CLOSED SHUTTERS **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
BELLS OF ST. MARY'S **Baker Street** Classic Jan. 25 (4)
BLACKBOARD JUNGLE **Chelsea** Classic Jan. 25 (4) **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 1 (4) **Tooting** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
BLESSED EVENTS **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 26 (3) **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 1 (4)
BLITZKREIG **Norbury Rex** Jan. 15 (3)
BLUEBEARD **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
BITTER RICE **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI **Feltham** Essoldo Jan. 22 (3)
CABIRIA **Tooting** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
CAMILLE **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
CONFIDENTIAL REPORT **Tooting** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 19 (3)
CURTAIN UP **Tooting** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
DAY AT THE RACES **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 5 (4)
DETECTIVE STORY **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 25 (4)
DON QUIXOTE **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 15 (4)
EAST OF EDEN **Teddington** Savoy Jan. 22 (3)
FEMMES DE PARIS **Tooting** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
FORBIDDEN PLANET **Greenford** Playhouse Jan. 18 (1) **North Kensington** Royalty Jan. 28 (1) **Clapham Junction** Granada Feb. 1 (1) **Walham Green** Regal Feb. 15 (1) **East Ham** Granada Feb. 22 (1)
GREEN FIRE **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 15 (4)
GREEN FOR DANGER **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
GREAT EXPECTATIONS **Thornton Heath** Pullman Feb. 1 (7)
GREAT LOVER (THE) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 1 (4)
HIDDEN WOMAN (THE) **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 26 (3) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 22 (3)
HIT THE DECK **Hammersmith** Classic Jan. 15 (3)
HONOUR AMONG THIEVES **Tooting** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
I'LL CRY TOMORROW **Victoria** Biograph Feb. 2 (3)
INVITATION TO THE DANCE **Bromley** Pullman Feb. 15 (7)
IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
MANUELA **Westbourne Grove** Roxy Feb. 22 (7)
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 15 (4) **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 18 (4)
KILLERS (THE) **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
KISS BEFORE DYING (A) **Hammersmith** Classic Jan. 18 (4)
LADYKILLERS (THE) **Penge** Essoldo Feb. 15 (7)
LAST HOLIDAY **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN **Tooting** Classic Jan. 18 (4) **Kilburn** Classic Jan. 25 (4) **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
LIGHT ACROSS THE STREET **Notting Hill** Classic Jan. 15 (3)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 12 (3) **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
LUCKY JIM **Edgware Road** Royal Feb. 23 (7) **Bethnal Green** Empire Feb. 26 (3)
MACBETH **Baker Street** Classic Jan. 18 (4) **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 8 (4) **Tooting** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
MAN ON A TIGHTROPE **Caledonian Road** Essoldo Feb. 15 (1)
MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM **Kilburn** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Hammersmith** Classic Jan. 22 (3) **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
MEN IN WAR **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Tooting** Classic Feb. 1 (4)
MONKEY ON MY BACK **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 15 (3) **Tooting** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
NAKED CITY (THE) **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 29 (3)
NERO'S WEEKEND **Notting Hill** Classic Jan. 22 (3) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
NIGHT AT THE OPERA **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 1 (4)
NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (A) **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
1984 **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 15 (4)
NOTHING BUT TROUBLE **Stepney** Palaceadium Jan. 19 (3)
NO WAY OUT **Capham** Essoldo Feb. 1 (1) **Camberwell** Grand Feb. 1 (1) **Caledonian Road** Essoldo Feb. 8 (1)
ODD MAN OUT **KILBURN** Classic Jan. 15 (3)
OH ROSALINDA **Notting Hill** Classic Jan. 25 (4)
PANIC IN THE STREETS **Clapham** Essoldo Feb. 15 (1) **Shepherds Bush** Essoldo Feb. 22 (1)
PASSPORT TO PIMLICO **Lee Green** Pullman Jan. 18 (7)
PATHS OF GLORY **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
PRIVATE ANGELO **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 8 (4) **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 22 (4)
PRIVATE'S PROGRESS **Bethnal Green** Empire Jan. 22 (3) **Westbourne Grove** Roxy Feb. 15 (7)
PROUD VALLEY **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
QUEEN OF SPADES **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 12 (3)
RACK (THE) **Harlesden** Coliseum Jan. 18 (1)
RAINMAKER (THE) **Chelsea** Classic Jan. 22 (3)
RAISING A RIOT **Notting Hill** Imperial Feb. 12 (3)
RANSOM **Deptford** Century Jan. 26 (1) **Westbourne Grove** Roxy Feb. 8 (7)
REAP THE WILD WIND **Kilburn** Classic Jan. 22 (3)
REBECCA **Notting Hill** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 15 (3)
RIFIFI **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 19 (3)
RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 **Wandsworth Road** Granada Jan. 25 (1)
ST. JOAN **Chelsea** Classic Jan. 15 (4)
SEVEN DEADLY SINS (THE) **Hammersmith** Classic Jan. 29 (3) **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 5 (3)
SEVENTH SEAL (THE) **Kilburn** Classic Feb. 15 (4)
SEVEN WAVES AWAY **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT **Baker Street** Classic Feb. 8 (4)
SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO **Enfield** Rialto Feb. 15 (1)
SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME **Stockwell** Classic Feb. 1 (4) **Victoria** Biograph Feb. 19 (3)
STREET OF SHAME **Stockwell** Classic Jan. 22 (3)
SUDDENLY **Tooting** Classic Jan. 18 (4)
TEN COMMANDMENTS **East Ham** Gaumont Feb. 15 (4 weeks) **Wembley** Gaumont Feb. 15 (4 weeks) **Peckham** Gaumont Feb. 15 (4 weeks)
THOUSANDS CHEER **Bermondsey** Rialto Jan. 15 (3)
TOP SECRET **Herne Hill** Pullman Jan. 26 (7)
TOSCA **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
TRIAL **Tooting** Classic Feb. 12 (3) **Harrow Road** Regal Feb. 8 (1)
TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH **Dalston** Gaumont Jan. 25 (1)
WAGES OF FEAR **Kilburn** Classic Jan. 18 (4)
WANTON COUNTESS (THE) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 25 (4)
WEDDING BREAKFAST **Bermondsey** Rialto Jan. 21 (4) **Highams Park** Regal Jan. 15 (3)
WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES **Hammersmith** Classic Feb. 26 (3) **Tooting** Classic Jan. 22 (3)
WHISKY GALORE **Lee Green** Pullman Jan. 18 (7)
WITCHES OF SALEM **Baker Street** Classic Jan. 15 (3) **Notting Hill** Classic Feb. 26 (3)
WORDS AND MUSIC **Baker Street** Classic Jan. 22 (3) **Chelsea** Classic Feb. 19 (3)

What YOU Think

There are more letters on page 3

INDISCRETION

AFTER seeing two films, *Moment of Indiscretion* and *The Bank Raiders*, I have come to the conclusion that most British "B" films are a disgrace to the cinema industry.

Both were supposed to be thrillers (how badly they failed); but for sheer bad acting, ludicrous plots, they only succeeded in making the audience laugh.

The Bank Raiders was obviously not seen by Lord Rank. I am quite sure he would never have let it be released. If, however, he did see it . . . !

13 *Kenmere Grove*, **R. B. Hall**
Moston,
Manchester, 10.

CRITICS' VOICE

FROM time to time films of great artistic merit are heralded and given rave notices, especially by our leading critics. One naturally respects such opinions, if truly devoted to the art, and will visit the cinema concerned, whether it is the Academy, Curzon or elsewhere. But on many occasions I am disappointed. Why ?

In many reviews it is stated that there is "artistic control," "dramatic dynamics," "masterly structure of the film," "excellent acting" and so on. I do not deny these facts, for they are clearly true, but it is my firm opinion that no film should be judged *on these facts alone*, as is clearly the case with several pictures selected at the major festivals for top awards. I primarily wish to be entertained by *a good story* which should, of course, be supplemented by the aforementioned "merits"; and I am sure that most people go to the cinema with the same idea.

It is this lack of sufficient story-line, or even, as a last resort, a *theme* to actively hold attention, that has led to my disappointment on many occasions, examples of which are *Wild Strawberries, Pather Panchali, The Seventh Seal, Kanal* (good, but too drawn out in the sewers) and *The Lower Depths*.

I know that this will cause some raised eyebrows, but I would hasten to add that the following have given pleasure : *Un Condamne a Mort s'est Echappe, The Cranes are Flying, Celui qui doit Mourir, Gervaise, A Girl in Black, Les Sorcieres de Salem* and *Notti di Cabiria*.

On several occasions, one can read "It is only on the second or third viewing . . ." but how many people have the money, time or inclination to pay so many visits ? Very few, I am sure. Occasionally, a person may really take to a film, and wish to see it a second time, but usually only one visit is paid and *should be required* to fully appreciate the picture's quality and meaning.

As a postscript, may I suggest that now the excellent *Torero* has been shown on TV for all to see, that it be given immediate release with a "U" certificate ?

Redroofs, **P. R. Bacon**
Dorking Road,
Great Bookham,
Surrey.

THAT BATTLESHIP

EVEN as one raised on a diet of engulfing wide-screens, stereophonic sounds and a good twenty-four frames a second, I feel that I really must bring myself to question the claim of elderly critics at the Brussels World Fair who name *The Battleship Potemkin* as the best film ever made. Surely such a judgment can only have come from strictly subjective, even sentimental, reasoning.

One cannot deny that the debt owed to Eisenstein by motion pictures, or that the techniques of montage and camera movement reach unprecedented heights in *Potemkin*, compared with what went before. But then, the first improved horseless carriage occupied the same relative position in its world, yet who proclaims IT the world's best motor car ?

Oh ! No ! Not the best film. Lacking is the subtlety of feeling, the realism and the many other individual qualities without which a contemporary film with this sort of subject matter could not hope to survive. **Michael Philps**

17 *Wentworth Hill*,
Wembley Park,
Middlesex.

THE BEST

WHY is the fallacy that the films included in the list drawn up by a panel of experts at the Brussels World Fair were chosen as being the "Twelve Best Ever Made" perpetuated, when, in fact, they were selected for a very different reason ? The panel was asked to choose films which they thought had had the most influence on film developments. On this basis, few people would argue with their final choice. As it is, the list has brought nothing but ridicule and contempt on to the heads of its compilers and, what is worse, the National Film Theatre is quoting the list in its advertisements !

Nobody would deny that a film is not necessarily one of the best merely because it happened to be the very first of its kind, or because it was the first to use a new technique. Yet this is exactly how the films in the Brussels list are being evaluated. A good publicity stunt, perhaps, but does it enhance the film as a serious art form ?

73 *Lansdowne Road*, **Tony S. Rea**
Holland Park,
London, W.11.

Did You Read . . .

. . these articles by, or about, famous British film-makers in previous issues of FILMS AND FILMING ?

Henry Cornelius—an extract from his script for *Next to No Time*. October, 1958.*

Ronald Neame's *The Horse's Mouth* (starring Alec Guinness). Picture "Preview." October, 1958.*

Peter Finch, the actor, on "How I Learnt to Laugh at Myself." September, 1958.*

Rudolph Cartier, the director, on directing for TV and the cinema. September, 1958.*

John Trevelyan, secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, on his job. July, 1958.*

J. Lee-Thompson, the director, on censorship. June, 1958.

Dai Vaughan on "The Pre-History of British Documentary." May, 1958.

Trevor Howard, the actor, on "Living Down a Classic." May, 1958.

Clive Donner, the director, on working with children. April, 1958.

Mary Field, executive producer of the Children's Film Foundation, on Children in the Cinema. April, 1958.

Peter Cotes, the director, on "Cinema Has the Edge on TV." March, 1958.

Lord Killanin on the work of John Ford. February, 1958.*

T. E. B. Clarke, the writer, on preparing a script for *A Tale of Two Cities*. February, 1958.*

Paul Massie, the actor, on "What Asquith Did for Me." February, 1958.*

John Paddy Carstairs, the director, on British laughter-makers. January, 1958.

Ivor Montagu, producer and critic, on "Politics in the Cinema." January, 1958.

Andrew Sarris—two articles on the work of Carol Reed. September and October, 1957.

Michael Anderson, the director, on "How Todd Made the World." September, 1957.

Rod Hume—"Gentlemen of England," a picture section of young British male stars. September, 1957.

Ted Willis, the writer, on "Society and the Writer." September, 1957.

Peter Baker on the cost of making British films. September, 1957.

Anthony Quayle, the actor, on "Society and the Actor." July, 1957.

Sir Michael Balcon on "An Author in the Studio." July, 1957.

George Bernard Shaw—text extract from *Saint Joan*, with pictures from the Preminger film. July, 1957.

John Cutts—the work of Alexander Mackendrick. June, 1957.

Nigel Patrick, on "Directing My First Film." May, 1957.

Carmen Dillon, the art director, on her work. May, 1957.

Robert Lennard, ABPC casting director, on star-finding. April, 1957.

Geoffrey Unsworth, director of photography, on his work. April, 1957.

Philip Leacock, the director, on creating "reality" in a studio. April, 1957.

Dirk Bogarde, the actor, on his approach to acting. January, 1957.*

Brian Desmond Hurst, the director, on his work. February, 1957.*

John Halas, the producer, on making "serious" cartoons. November, 1956.

Al Mulock on Britain's "method" studio. October, 1956.

Lewis Gilbert, the director, on "Drama from the Lives of Men Around Us." September, 1956.*

John Gregson, the actor, on "Sixty Years of Cinema Exhibition." August, 1956.*

Rodney Giesler, on "Shakespeare on the Screen." July, 1956.*

Andrew Peters on the work of British "stunt" men. June, 1956.*

Paul Rotha on "Presenting the World to the World." April, 1956.

Peter Baker—a profile of Claire Bloom. March, 1956.

Erwin Hillier, director of photography, on "Are You Colour Conscious?" February, 1956.*

Ralph Thomas, the director, on "My Way With Screen Humour." February, 1956.*

Louis Levy, musical director, on "British Film Musicals." January, 1956.

Catherine de la Roche—an interview with Michael Redgrave. December, 1955.

Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, the producer-directors, on star building. December, 1955.

Michael Powell, the director, on adapting *Die Fledermaus* for the screen. November, 1955.

Kenneth Tynan—two articles on the significance of Ealing Studios. November and December, 1955.

Roger Furse, the designer, on designing for *Richard III*. April and May, 1955.*

Derek Hill—a profile of Alec Guinness. February, 1955.*

Catherine de la Roche—a study of Henry Cornelius, the director. February, 1955.*

Ivan Pattinson—a profile of Robert Newton, the actor. January, 1955.*

Louis Marks—a profile of Norman Wisdom, the comedian. December, 1954.

James Mason—two articles on his work as an actor. November and December, 1954.

Sergio Viotti—a profile of Audrey Hepburn, the actress. November, 1954.

John Grierson, the director, on making *Man of Africa*. October, 1954.

Copies of these numbers of FILMS AND FILMING—except those marked *, which are now out of print—may be obtained from the back numbers department, price 2/3, post free.

Make sure of FILMS AND FILMING every month by giving your newsagent a firm order. Most people are changing to FILMS AND FILMING. It is in great demand and supplies are limited.

NEW BOOKS

Two of the Best

TWO landmarks in the technology of the screen are the books of the late V. I. Pudovkin —*Film Technique* and *Film Acting*. A memorial edition has now been produced which combines both works into one volume, together with a number of illustrations from Pudovkin's films (*Mother* and *Storm Over Asia* among them) and a complete credits list of Pudovkin's films. (Vision Press, 388 pages, 50s.). The new edition has been translated and edited by Ivor Montagu, perhaps the greatest English-speaking authority on the Soviet cinema. The revisions Mr. Montagu has made are intelligent, and his additional material throws light on the recent techniques. All in, a valuable reference work to the basic principles of Cinema.

Walt Disney's daughter, Diane Disney Miller, has written a biography of the great cartoon film-maker, called simply, *Walt Disney* (Odhams Press, 223 pages, 21s.). The biography has a happy blend of film-fact and film-personality ; together with a collection of hitherto unpublished photographs and the family trees of Mickey and Donald (I must confess that I'd forgotten that Mickey's nephews were called Monty and Morty, and Donald's, Louie and Huey).

A VOCABULARY (of some 900 film terms) in English, Dutch, French, German and Italian, has been prepared by the Cinema Sub-Committee of Western European Union. It is the first film publication of this kind to appear under the aegis of an inter-governmental organisation.

The vocabulary has been designed as a handy document for practical use by those working in educational and cultural films. It makes no pretence at being comprehensive nor to rival more ambitious existing works which aim at covering all the various technical terms current in film studios. Studio technicalities and specialised expressions included are those which the Sub-Committee's own experience, both jointly and in the members' different countries, has shown to be fairly common. The vocabulary does, however, probably contain a higher proportion of terms used in film distribution and utilisation than do other similar publications.

It can be purchased in Britain through the Stationery Office, price 12s. 6d.

—MARTIN GRAY.

NEW RECORDS

The Great Chevalier

TOP choice of discs this month is, without doubt, a delicious hour of nostalgia provided by Maurice Chevalier, who, at seventy years of age, can still top all the Sinatras and Presleys for intimacy, sincerity, vitality and . . . well, let's just say Chevalier is the immaculate entertainer. On one LP (M.G.M. C771, 35s. 10d.) he sings twelve of his best known numbers, spanning the years since he was discovered in the early 1900's by Mistinguette. There is, of course, *Louise* from his first film, *Innocents of Paris* and, less known, *I Was Lucky* from *Folies Bergere* (in which he starred with Merle Oberon, in 1935). The disc was recorded while Chevalier was in Hollywood filming *Gigi*. It's incredible that this youthful voice is so old—ah, how true art can span the years.

An exciting new EP (M.G.M. EP676, 11s. 1½d.) contains four Sousa marches played by the 20th Century-Fox Studio Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Newman for the composer's screen biography.

Two other EP's are transfers of highlights from earlier LP'S . . . *Words and Music* tracks (June Allyson, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland) on M.G.M. EP672 (11s. 1½d.) ; and *Singin' in the Rain* tracks (Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds) on M.G.M. EP 671 (11s. 1½d.).

A new idea in discs is the press interview. Of course, the first subject had to be Elvis (RCA RCX131, 12s. 10½d.). Here he is talking about his departure into the Army to a number of experienced interviewers. It is a good idea for a sound library ; and I only hope the recording companies extend the technique to artists and film-makers with something of more value to say.

Another Jolson disc appears on Brunswick (OE9365 12s. 10½d.) in which the singing fool is heard in some of his vintage pieces of the past, among them Berlin's little known *Always*.—ROD HUME.

FILM CORRESPONDENTS

Abbreviations: f.c.—film correspondent; m—male; f—female; m.a.—my age; s.i.—special interests; o.i.—other interests; ls—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.

If you would like to correspond with a film-lover abroad or in England (even in your own town) send in your name and address and brief details, which will be printed in this feature free of charge. This offer is open to regular readers in all parts of the world. Use the abbreviations listed above, and send your entry to FILMS AND FILMING, 21 Lower Belgrave Street London, S.W.1, marking the envelope FILM CORRESPONDENTS.

OLGA BURTON, 153 Ferrymead Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, wants f.c. in California, Arizona, U.S.A., m.a. 21, s.i., films, travel, records, books and tennis, p.r.

LAURENCE STEAD, 33 Zetland Street, Huddersfield, Yorks., wants f.c. in England, m or f, 17-25, m.a. 21, s.i. Garland, l.p. records, modern jazz, Janette Scott, Susan Strasberg, o.i. reading, astronomy, photography, cinema, scrapbooks, keeping fish, p.r. all answered.

TONY WARING, 75 Lower Oldfield Park, Bath, Somerset, wants f.c., m or f, anywhere, preferably Europe, m.a. 19, s.i. films and opera and amateur film-making, ls, English and French, all answered.

MARGARET CHALMERS, 65 Garriochmill Road, Maryhill, Glasgow, wants f.c., f, age 19, in Scandinavia, Germany or Austria, m.a. 19, s.i. films, books, records and film stars, ls. German.

4180065 S.A.C. COLIN J. TERRY, P.I.D., H.Q. (U) 2nd T.A.F., B.F.P.O. 40, wants f.c., f, anywhere, age 17-24, m.a. 20, s.i. films, sports, reading, o.i. music, ls. English, p.r., all answered.

4183898 L.A.C. BEDDOW, ALAN DAVID, R.A.F. Police, R.A.F., Saxa Vord, Isle of Unst, Shetland Isles, Scotland, wants f.c. anywhere in world, m, or f, age 18-25, m.a. 20, s.i. correspondence, swimming, films, stamps, o.i. classical music, astronomy, Sinatra, p.r., all answered.

MARY MANN, 35 Lower Boston Road, Hanwell, London, W.7, wants f.c. anywhere, interested in exchanging film cuttings, magazines, etc., wants anything on Curt Jurgens, Yul Brynner.

JOACHIM JAHNKE, Berlin-Schoneberg, Ebersstrasse 10, Germany, wants f.c., m or f, in England, m.a. 15, s.i. films, writing, photos of Sophia Loren, o.i. music, animals, ls. English, German.

G. WHITTAKER, 10 Tilehurst Road, Cheam, Surrey, wants f.c., age 30 to 45, m or f, m.a. 41, o.i. swimming, cycling, photography.

RICHARD FULFORD, 2 Chatsworth Road, St. Annes, wants f.c., m or f, in U.S., Canada or British Isles, s.i. films, records, the supernatural, books, o.i. photography, m.a. 17, p.r.

GWENDOLINE RUDMAN, 5 Railway Buildings, Norwood Road, Cheltenham, Glos., wants f.c., m or f, any age, s.i., American star clippings, pin-ups, all answered.

K. SAMARATUNGA, 201 Allan Avenue, Dehiwala, Ceylon, wants f.c., f, aged 18-35, s.i., travel, correspondence, o.i. languages, films (continental), p.r., all letters answered.

JOHN M. BAILEY, 3 Marsh Crescent, Morecambe, wants f.c., m, age 16-19, s.i. films, records, theatre, o.i. cycling, travel, photography, m.a. 17, p.r.

J. P. HARRISON, 16 Humwood Drive, Leicester, wants f.c., m, m.a. 23, especially in Midlands, s.i. theatre, drama, opera. p.r., all answered.

EDMOND CAMBIEN, 6 Seedall Avenue, Clitheroe, Lancs, wants f.c., m, aged 26-36, s.i. theatre, travel, films, p.r., all answered.

DILYS MATTHEWS, 34 Upper Gordon Road, Camberley, Surrey, wants f.c., m, age 18-22, in U.S.A., Spain, Italy or Switzerland, m.a. 16, s.i., swimming, films, art, ls, English, a little French, p.r., all answered.

ALAN RICHARDSON, 2 Huron Road, London, S.W.17, wants f.c., m, aged 30-40, London, France, Spain, s.i. records, skating m.a. 30, p.r., ls English.

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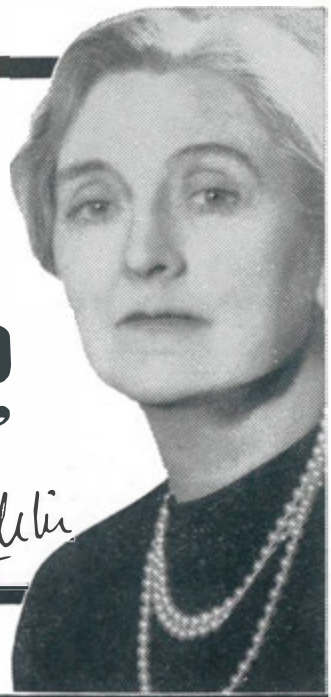

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